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CROES Y BREILA :

OR,

The Exercises of Many Regular Weeks.







SUN DIAL, IN SHENSTONE CHURCHYARD

see Page 30.

CROES Y BREILA:

OR,

THE EXERCISES OF MANY REGULAR WEEKS.

BY

R. W. ESSINGTON, M.A.,

VICAR OF SHENSTONE.

AUTHOR OF "OVER VOLCANOES," BY A KINGSMAN.

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AUGUSTO E. MANLEY,

DE AULÂ MANLEIANÂ

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AUCTOR CAPELLANUS

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CALENDIS MARTIIS,

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Croes y Breila.

AT various times in the course of my life, strangers of many nations have said to me mysteriously, "So you also are a brother of the Croes y Breila, a Rosierucian." To this recognition I used to reply, that although I knew that "Croes y Breila," in the language of the Druids, meant the Rosy Cross, I was very little acquainted with the doctrines of those who believe in the existence of a glorious lamp, long buried, but never extinguished, and destined to become the Light of the World. The rejoinder to my disclaimer has always been couched in the same terms, namely, "Nevertheless, thou art a Rosierucian, for thy speech betrayeth thee."

Latterly, when accosted in this way, I have offered no contradiction to the assertion. Indeed,

I begin to think that I may be a member of the Croes y Breila after all. It is true that I am as little conversant with the cabalistic figures now as ever I was, but perhaps they are not essential. At all events, I have long felt that I ought to be serving under a Cross of some sort, and I hope that there are within me some rays of the imperishable light.

I have, therefore, ventured to draw attention to the Croes y Breila, or the Rosy Cross, and I have done so under the conviction that they who unfurl this banner wish to enforce a great truth, which ascetics and persecutors, and fanatics of all sorts, conspire to obscure. This truth is, that religion does not consist in torturing other people or even ourselves, nor in the dogmas or opinions which lead to such wickedness ; but in a humble acceptance of Christ's doctrines, and a zealous endeavour to promote enduring happiness. These are the principles which have inspired this book, and hence its title,

“CROES Y BREILA.”

Victoria Leta.

IN science first, and first in classic lore,
 First with the bat, the racquet, and the oar,
 With humour always keen, yet always kind,
 A mine of facts and figures was his mind;
 So when the rumour ran that Torr would speak,
 Sabrina's Porson,* leaving his loved Greek,
 Endured the Union for the blaze of wit,
 Which, while he thundered, used to play on it.

What prize too high for such a frame to win?
 A frame informed by such a mind within!
 Did not the Court and Granta vie to place
 Our Sidney first in life's Olympic race?
 Alas! he died upon a moorland cure;
 Uncared for died, misunderstood, and poor,
 Died, though he knew it not, upon the day
 When she he loved, and left, had passed away,

* As I write a ghost rises before me. It is he, who during many weeks of suspense, saw within his reach the one object of his ambition, viz., the mantle of the great Professor, now so worthily worn by Dr. Kennedy. I shall never forget the effect of the decision, which was to the following effect:—

“Ingenio major, minor annis cede, magistro
 Displicuisse tuo nostra Sabrina vetat.”

My poor friend, Edward Meredith Cope, never recovered from this blow.

Had left to save her duteous heart the ire
Of a too wealthy, too ambitious sire,
She, who had taught his aching heart to look
For consolation to the Holy Book;
And he had found it there, and at the Feast
Of glad communion with the One High Priest;
But they who hoped his victories to hail,
They, who had seen each bright prediction fail,
Felt that the early haloes of their friend
Had turned to clouds and darkness at the end.

Such the sad thoughts of all, except the few
Who knew the Christ, and thus the secret knew;
But many blamed him for his wasted hours,
His misdirected, unproductive powers;
And one there was, he knew the dead man well,
And mourned in him a lost Achitophel,
Who, half in disappointment, half in joke,
Thus the hushed stillness of bereavement broke,
“This tomb will want an epitaph, and here
Is a fit tribute to a spoiled career,
How inconsistent are the ways of God,
Our child of promise—proved an Ichabod!”

He, laughing, spake, but ere the scorner slept,
A horror of great darkness o’er him swept,
And, while his body on the mattress lay,
His dreaming spirit clove the starlit way,

By fiery legions of Archangels led,
Whose flaming swords flashed lightnings round his head,
And all he saw, he told us on the morn,
In tones of horror, mingled with self scorn—

On the pale horse of death, before a gate,
Torr, whom I dared to deem unfortunate,
Sate mounted. In his hand, its keen point lowered,
The Word of God, which is the Spirit's sword,
His helmet, 'twas salvation, bent so low,
The pendent cross lay on his saddle-bow,
The fire of love had marred his wayworn dress,
But bright the breast-plate shone, 'twas righteousness.
And thus he spake, "I died to seek my Lord."
Then the gate opened of its own accord.
His Lord was there, his God, the Virgin's Son ;
And kneeling at her Saviour's feet, was one
He loved, and left ; then on my ear there fell
A voice, which whispered, " Here is Christabel ;
They sowed in tears, they reap in joy with Me,
Defeat in life, in death is victory."

Grey, who had seen that vision, ceased to speak,
And the hot tear-drops furrowed his wan cheek ;
He ceased, and wonder filled the silent room ;
At length he murmured, " Lay me in Torr's tomb.
That life was life, but mine a long offence,
And poor and short is livelong penitence."

I thought that riches, armed with intellect,
 Would awe the world, subdue it, and direct
 The world, which like a conqueror's steed should feel
 Its pride increased, spurred onwards by my heel ;
 But wisdom folly is, and riches dross,
 And glory shame, and earth's acquirements loss ;
 Begone, base Mammon, Belial depart,
 I knew ye not, but ye have ruled my heart ;
 Now am I freed, one warning has sufficed,
 Come, overcome the world and me, my Christ."

G. A. Selwyn.

TO the Old World and New an equal loss,
 Our Polar Star, and there the Southern Cross,
 Selwyn no more will guide his fellow-men,
 Gone home to rest at three score years and ten ;
 But as the star which brightened earth's dark night,
 Though hid by morning, gilds the heavenly height,
 He shines the more beneath God's greater light.

Motto for the Rifle Brigade.

NOMEN dat telum, prædam qui suggerat, absit.

The Cloud.

HELP Thou mine unbelief;
The more I read Thy Book, and reason out
Its contradictions, all the more I doubt;
And deeper doubt is ever deeper grief.

For, if it be not true,
This frame, already conscious of decay,
And full of pains, and waning day by day,
Its crescent youth must nevermore renew—

And they to whom I said,
“Farewell, awhile farewell, until we meet
Before the Mighty Healer’s mercy-seat,”
Are not asleep and resting, but stone dead.

And all that they, or we
Have built aloft in heaven-aspiring thought
To raise a puny race, must come to nought,
And Babels, and Birs Nimrouds only be—

Then, though the glimpse be brief,
And sad, and full of peril, raise the veil,
Lest faith, and hope, and love alike should fail,
And all be lost, help Thou mine unbelief.

The Bow in the Cloud.

EVER for help has cried,
The pilgrim, dazed by darkness; but the Stone
Reveals to those who seem the most alone
A glorious Mahanaim by their side.

And think how once was won
The world men call the New; while science showed
No land could lie along the Pinta's road,
Spain saw it rise behind the setting sun.

And were it never night,
How some would scoff if inspiration said,
That orbs of light were shining overhead,
Obscured by more, revealed by lesser light.

Yet wisdom would not change
Our sunny midday joyousness, and make
Drear centuries of darkness, for the sake
Of those who wished that sight had wider range.

Sceptics might cease to grieve,
And doubts, disputes, denials might be o'er,
But losing these, the world would hear no more
The shout of faith victorious, "I believe."

Out of Sight.

AS soon as the Master's feet relinquished their hold upon the earth, a cloud received Him at once, and He was removed from man's sight. The mist came sweeping down the slopes of Olivet one moment, and at the same moment the everlasting doors were lifting up their heads. No eye marked the Divine Being as He clove the skies, and became less and less in the distance; nor did any child of Adam, with vision miraculously intensified, witness the entrance of the Creator through the crystal gates. The glorious scene has been described by King David, and it is to be painted by Gustave Dorè;* but the details, which were supplied to the soldier-poet by inspiration, will come to the great painter from the depths of his marvellous imagination; for no human eye saw the Angels when they veiled their faces in the presence of their conquering Lord, the Standard Bearer of the Rosy Cross.

This limit to the vision of man was for the best,

* This subject was suggested to M. G. Dorè by the Rev. G. H. Wayte, and thankfully accepted.

no doubt; and it is also well that our views of religion become obscured just at the same point, that is, as soon as the feet are removed from this earth. At all events they are thus restricted. For while the revelation deals with the duties of this world, all is so plain that neither the child nor the wayfaring man has any difficulty in understanding the teaching. But when the ascension has commenced, the vision of the most far-seeing is baffled. We can follow with awe and reverence a little way, but it is only a little way. When we hear God, our Father, speaking from heaven, and at the same time see God, the Spirit, descending, like a Dove, upon God the Son, standing in the Jordan, we adore the miraculous perfection of happiness, viz., Triune existence, but we do not understand the incomprehensible mystery. And yet, while this Christian verity is in one way contrary to human reason, it is in another way most agreeable to it. For it is natural to conclude that the Creator has secured for Himself all the imaginable elements of happiness. But that condition of loneliness which results from the absence of any equal, would leave something to be desired. On the other hand, the presence of equals, capable of becoming

rivals, might introduce a cause of disquietude, or even end in a more disastrous war than that in which Michael was engaged. A Trinity in Unity, and a Unity in Trinity, solves the problem, and produces the absolute perfection of Divine beatitude.

It is one thing, however, to observe, that, in this case, as in all others, the highest philosophy is in harmony with revelation; it is quite another to assert that to think thus of the Trinity confers a right to consign to eternal perdition those who unhappily think otherwise. Therefore the *Quicunque Vult* requires a corrective, when used in public worship; and nothing answers this purpose so well as the Sermon on the Mount, particularly that portion of it which informs us that the surest method of securing eternal condemnation for ourselves, is to hurl that dreadful threat at the head of our neighbours.

And perhaps it would be well if some persons recollected, that, after all, the tenet of a Trinity in Unity is not a doctrine of Scripture in the strictest sense of the word doctrine; in other words, it is not a plain statement of teaching like the text, "The Lord our God is one Lord." It is in fact only a dogma, that is, an opinion of uninspired

men, derived from comparing, by the help of reason, one passage of scripture with another, and thus drawing a conclusion. It is obvious, that, under such circumstances, the absolute truth may be OUT OF SIGHT, although we believe that we see it.

The Mind.

WHEN both alike are strange, the race, the land,
A distant past is hard to understand ;
And who can solve the present ? for behind
Each action, great or little, lies a mind.
The mind, a power invisible as air,
Whose subjects feel their ruler everywhere ;
Commanding still, although a traitorous kiss
Too often prompts it to command amiss.
A subtle force, minute, and yet intense,
It binds the eye to blind obedience ;
It coins from nerves, and tissues, and the rill
Which ebbs and flows until the heart is still,
Platonic prose, Anacreontic strains,
And plans which master states, or win campaigns ;
And at the last it wafts the bark to port,
Or hurls it headlong where the mermaids sport ;
But whence the wind, and how it comes, or goes,
We dimly guess, its Maker only knows.

On the Rigi.

THE bearer of a heavy heart
Seeks the lost home,
Not in the forum nor the mart,
Nor Papal Rome,
But on the desert hills apart,
Or ocean's foam.
And some there be, who carry grief
They must not show,
To valleys on the coral reef
Where palm trees grow;
Or where the Alpine rose's leaf
Peeps through the snow.
And oft that ghastly bloodhound—care
Which swift as wind
Had dogged its victim everywhere,
Has lagged behind
When Champéry and Chamossaire
Had braced the mind.
For there the summer morns, bedight
With golden glow,
Shed many a dazzling chrysolite
Upon the snow,
And snatch the living babe delight
From the dead woe.

And if round Rigi, black with rain
The storm-clouds lie,
Whence swifter than the hurricane
The lightnings fly,
Which thunder-tongued betray the pain
That rends the sky,
The joy is deeper than before,
Though we can see
Nor Lucerne's undulating shore,
Nor hill, nor tree,
But surging, 'mid the tempest's roar,
A vaporous sea.
For then we learn, if clouds should hide
The heart from day,
That still upon their upward side
The sunbeams play,
Until the shades of eventide
Steal them away.

En Memoriam—Henrici Moore.

Obit.

TOTIUS Staffordiæ Archidiaconus ultimus.

Quod potuit Solus, vix poterunt gemini.

The Princes of Egypt.

WHEN floods of affliction o'er Christendom burst,
A harbour awaiteth her, e'en at the worst ;
And Truth, though eclipsed, is ascending the height,
Which rings with the songs of the children of light.

Then why on the bountiful vale of the Nile
Are glory and gladness forbidden to smile ?
And why is she slave to an alien race,
The vilest of vile, and the basest of base ?
The promise is sure, and the anchorage nigh,
But Egypt impenitent passeth it by.

It is not for ever, it is not for long,
The reign of oppression, of falsehood, and wrong—
For out of the down-trodden land, from the scum
Whose rulers are vassals, the Princes will come—
The Princes of Egypt ! they enter, and lo !
The Day-star is spanning the clouds with a bow .
From Noph and Taphanes to Zoan and No—
And Pathros is ransomed, and Aven is bright
With the rays of redemption. Away with the night !
Away with the famine, the plague, and the fear !
A greater than Joseph, than Moses is here ;
Here, not as a babe with His mother, whose cheeks
Still pale at the echoes of Bethlehem's shrieks,


But Lord of the earth, and the air, and the sea,
He parts the red billows, the captives are free—
For He is the Lamb of the Passover Night,
The rock in the desert, the pillar of light.
And scattering the people who glory in war,
And breaking for ever the hammer of Thor,
The Lord of Jeshurun, with banner outspread,
From earth and from ocean is calling the dead—
And trumpets of Jubilee sound the release,
The morning of triumph, the era of peace.

Janet.

JANET, my Janet, all nature is ringing
With music divine,
The lark, and the thrush, and the blackbird are singing
Their Valentine ;
Janet, my Janet, for ever be mine !

No, you will leave me, and wander a Maying
Mabel and you,
Dora and Beatrice, Valentine playing,
Lilian too ;
Janet, my Janet, then what shall I do ?

The Vatican.

 N ground once watered by the Martyrs' blood
A palace stands beside the Tiber's flood ;
'Tis his who once was king, but king no more,
Save for the few who hopefully adore.
Upon the walls are pictures, which to own
Might half console him for his vanished throne ;
And one there is, which every eye enthalls,
Such dazzling radiance down the canvas falls.
Its subject a great conclave, on the left
Is he, whom Victor of his crown bereft ;
And round their Pio, filling up the hall,
Bishop, Archbishop, and Prince Cardinal.
All eyes are fixed on him, for 'tis the hour
To give the Church a foretaste of his power,
Decreeing Mary's superhuman state,
Like her Boy Lord, conceived immaculate ;
And lo, that sunbeam on his upturned face,
To deep emotion adds a deeper grace,
And bids a future Vatican proclaim
The full proportions of the Pontiff's fame,
And to the earth the glorious tidings bring,
That Rome's Archprelate is her faultless King.

Then must creation own that there is one
Who reigns, the Viceroy of Jehovah's Son ?
One, whose unerring voice can supersede
The future council, and the ancient creed ?
One, to whose feet enquiring souls may fly,
And hear unerring wisdom thus reply, •
“ I heed not reason, neither need you heed ;
Believe in me—how simple is the creed !—
'Twill free the troubled mind from every doubt,
And guard the soul in Armageddon's rout ;
What though a fallen Prince be free to bless
Each fresh rebellion with a short success,
The future, moulded by the Paraclete,
Must lay its diadem at Peter's feet,
And own that grace to save, and power to ban,
Flows through my signet of the Fisherman.”

Since such dominion is assumed, 'tis wise
The startling claim to weigh and scrutinize ;
For if it rests upon the solid ground,
A truth revealed, a principle profound,
'Tis ours to stand before a master dumb,
And own ourselves, and all things overcome.

To this enquiry, a reply may be
Drawn from thy guiding lore, Analogy.
When the sun rises on the Arctic floe,
The iceberg leaves its wilderness of snow ;

Strange forms are there, which lived in years gone by,
Now doomed to thaw, and thus to putrify ;
But day by day its upward glories grow,
While day by day its danger grows below,
And though its towering height the truth may hide,
Its shadows lessen every eventide ;
Yet how eternal seems the pathless top,
And what can turn its purpose ? What can stop ?
The proud Threedecker, steering in the dark
Sinks, while it strikes, and striking, leaves no mark ;
Thus onward, crushing down the works of man,
Floats o'er the deep that cold Leviathan.
At last a rosy sunset, loth to leave,
Plays round the summit on an autumn eve,
But while a jubilant exulting throng
Hails its gay presence with the Babel song,
“ Hosanna, Rock eternal, Triple crown,”
The giant totters, overturns, goes down.
And thus at God's appointed time, will man
Be freed for ever from the Vatican.



Pío Nono.

HE who would test the last of Royal Popes,
Needs neither crucibles nor microscopes.

The parts divide, a very Annas one,
The other Count Ferretti's soldier son ;
And how unlike the twain, how strange to see
Both intertwined in seeming unity ;
So strange, 'tis well to separate the two,
To love the good, the evil to eschew,
To hold the Petrine warp, yet hold aloof
From the foul purple of the Papal woof.

I saw him once, I heard his blessings fall
On motley strangers in his Audience Hall,
I felt the fascination of the smile
Which hailed a swordsman from the rebel isle,
And knelt to pray that he might ne'er perceive
His curses homeward come to roost at eve,
Might lay his pseudo-martyr's chaplet down,
And wear the penitent's enduring crown.—

But of his other self, the banning Pope,
A Christian child might cast that horoscope.
What then of him who petulantly hurled
His howling curses at a laughing world ?

Who bade the voice of history be mute,
And laid his axe on reason at its root?
Wrapped in his pompous, self-asserting pride,
That Pope was fallen man personified!

On a School in Lichfield.

A Malthouse once, those souls it used to vex
Who hate strong beer, and make it their chief
trouble

That unknown quantities of double X
The ills of life, and all we see, will double.
'Tis now a School, let none its teaching mar,
For education's alphabet a mess is,
When Christians are content with treble R,
And treble X the root of all excess is.



A Bethlehem Edyll.

“**D**EATH shall divide us, saidst thou, only death.”

“No, Ruth, not even death.”

Thus Mara mused,
At eve awaiting her, who, through the day,
Had sought her meat from charity and God—
And now the gleaner entered, laying down
Her barley, 'twas an ephah, measuring which
With glances quick, the elder woman smiled
Her mute approval, and the younger spake :
“A king of men thy kinsman is, my mother ;
And thus I crown him, not because his teams
May plough a Sabbath's journey ere they turn
To arch the glistening ridges ; but because
A princely bearing, and a generous heart,
In him uniting, waken loyal love ;
You should have seen the sickles how they gleamed
Around the heads of twice three hundred men,
When he, this morn, with morning coming down
The eastern slopes of Bethlehem, amid
The bounteous harvest, walked its bounteous lord ;
And oh, the shout which burst from every heart,

‘Jehovah himmaukem!’ ’Twas like the roar
Of bridled waters, which the crosscut dams
Tame into duteous turbulence; but when
He, who ennobling with true manliness
His rustic mantle, half a Soldier looked,
And half a Priest, but every inch a King,
Bent down his lordly neck, and doubly blessed,
Reciprocating benisons, replied,
‘Jevaureka Jehovah!’ Then the shouts
Rose louder than before, and old and young
(I read it in their eyes) would fain have turned
Those sickles into swords, and faced the world,
Fighting for Boaz—

How I envied him
That passionate devotion; and I thought,
Such might have been my Mahlon, who is gone.”

Then Mara answered: “Once I heard it said,
That human minds are dual, and that thought
Flies swifter than the lightning, which can join
With instantaneous line of jagged fire
Arcturus to Orion, whence ’twas proved
That time, and space, and mind, may be compressed
Intensely, and the annals of the world
So closely written as to lie within
The compass of a moment. First I deemed
That tale a fable, now I know ’tis truth;

For while you spake, although I heard each tone,
My other self was absent, living in
The future, and before mine eyes was spread
A tapestry of ages, many hued ;
And through the pictures ran thy golden thread,
Salvation for the faithful." Here Ruth sighed,
"Alas ! I have no children, and my heart
Is in the grave, and so that must not be."

"Nay, listen first," Naomi answered, "ere
You spill the joy which bubbles to the lip ;
Your lord is Boaz. Nay, I saw you lie
At his uncovered feet one autumn night,
Alone with God and him, while in his barn
He slept the sleep which health and innocence
Inherit after toil, till midnight slept,
Unconscious of your presence, then awoke
To know that he must win your love, or die.
Have I not touched you, Ruth ?"

"Ah me," she said,
"It must not be, my heart is in the grave."

But Mara, heeding not those mournful words,
Although repeated, thus continued : "Next,
I passed away from Bethlehem Ephratah
To Ephes Dammim ; right and left there rose
Those mountain peaks, defiant, opposite,
Which with alternate shadows veil the sun

At Azekah and Shocoh ; on the slopes
Of each there stood an armament arrayed
For battle ; but unequally, for here
Was panic dread, and there exulting pride ;
Between them Elah lay, and every morn
Far past the centre of that neutral ground
A giant stalked, and blasphemous defied
Our Israel. For forty days I heard
That infamy repeated ; blushing heard,
For none rebuked it ; but at length stepped forth,
In answer to the challenge, one so calm,
So brave, so confident, although withal
So humble, that I longed to shield him from
That mighty spear, which, like a weaver's beam,
Dented the earth, each time the lord of Gath,
To emphasize his curses, dashed it down ;
But he, the hope of Judah—'twas thy boy—
Had better aid than I could bring, for when
I looked again the son of Anak lay
Piled on the gory ground, while from the trunk,
His head dissevered, at a King and me,
Grinned dead defiance impotent."

Still Ruth,
Although her soul to David's soul akin,
Looked forth from eyes dilated, sighing said,
"It must not be, my heart is in the grave."

But heeding not, or seeming not to heed,
Naomi spake again,

“Then years rolled on,
Some charged with joy, and more surcharged with woe,
But all seen indistinctly through a haze,
And when the sun broke forth, the royal race
Of him who slew the giant, reigned no more ;
But some upon our green Gennesaret
Were fishers ; one, and he the chief of all,
A carpenter at Nazareth ; yet not
Unmindful of his royal father’s home
At Bethlehem, for there I saw him go,
Obedient to an alien lord’s behest,
Leading his virgin wife, about to bear
A son ; how dreary seemed the road across
Those treeless hills, how cold the welcome ; room
Was none for her, nor for her child, thine own,
Save in a manger ; to His world He came,
His world received Him not ; yet some there were
To hail their Maker—Princes who had marked
His star, a midnight sunrise, streak the east.
So to the place, whereon it seemed to rest,
Had wended pilgrims, bearing mystic gifts—
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh ; and as they laid
Those offerings down, I saw that Infant smile,
While heavenly choirs sang circling round their King,

‘Glory to God above, and on the earth
Peace and good-will to men.’— That Babe must spring,
Daughter, from thee.”

Here Mara paused, and Ruth
At length was moved, and felt the hope which soothed
Repentant Eve, a leaping in her womb
As though the child were there, Emmanuel !
Born to reconquer death ; but when her eyes
To outward objects clearing, saw the face
Of Mara watching hers, his mother’s face,
More eloquent than all her words, recalled
The spectral past ; and so again she said,
“ It must not be, my heart is in his grave.”

But heeding not, or seeming not to heed,
Spake Mara once again :

“ The earth lay stretched
Around me as before, the shrines of God
Were there, or domed, as if to imitate
The firmament, or turreted, and towered
Like fortresses where truth might make a stand ;
Or with attenuated pyramids
Piercing the clinging clouds, and to the heavens
Aspiring ; but too oft the Word of God
Was wanting, and the worshippers so cold,
So absent, too ; for other were the thoughts

Which stirred the nations, marrying
(If unions unhallowed by God's laws
Are marriages), or marketings of wares,
Falsar than aught, except the hollow weights,
Which to the loaded scales lied brazen-faced.
And next I saw the palaces of hell,
Blazing on earth, from whence, afire with wine,
Demoniacs self-demented, issuing,
Reeled through a glaring labyrinth of streets,
Down to a fetid stream, and wallowing, died.
Oh, grievous sight ! but worse beyond it loomed ;
For like as when along a sultry plain,
A sudden whirlwind, shivering from the hills,
Heralds the clouds ice-laden, and yet scarce
Outstripped, so I could feel the chill of war
Blighting the air ; and knew that war would come,
Since they who smear their sceptres with the blood
Of fellow-citizens enslaved, must try
To daub their blackness with the ruddier tints
Of foreign victories. The thunderbolt
Which should enfranchise or enslave a world
Seemed imminent ; so imminent, that all
Gazed fixedly upon the north, where piled
Cloud upon cloud, impenetrably black,
Mysterious might had throned itself. When lo !
Drowning the crash of crushed battalions,

Drowning all else, except the breath of prayer,
A silver trumpet sounded in the east,
And all was hushed ; the grip upon the neck
Was paralyzed ; and yet the victim lay
Prostrate ; for earth was quaking to its core,
And thence the central and sulphureous heat
Irradiating, in explosive mists,
Was dissipating the deep seas, from which
The drowned upstarted ; and the hurricanes
Howling no more, died silently away,
Breathed into risen myriads. Then might I
Have talked with Adam, Abel, Abraham,
With Miriam, and thy shepherd lad, who slew
Goliath, but my longing eyes were fixed
On those three graves, which, ere we left our land,
Were decked with flowers autumnal. All I loved
The most on earth were there, Elimelech,
Mahlon, and Chilion too, and all were known ;
Though that which was corruptible had changed
To incorruption, that which mortal was,
To immortality. Oh ! who can tell
The rapture of that meeting ? Who describe
Those cadences, so marvellously sweet,
Which into space illimitable bore
The burden of their song ? ‘ We praise Thee, Lord,
We bless Thee, Son of God, and Son of Ruth ! ’ ”

Here Mara ceased, and sighing now no more,
 Her daughter answered, "Mother, shall I hear
 My Mahlon's voice, and see his face again?
 And shall he rise immortal, owing all
 His happiness to me?"

Enough; I yield."

And so thenceforth upon the plough of faith,
 Ruth, tremulously steadfast, laid her hand.

On a Dial in Shenstone Churchyard.

If o'er the dial glides a shade, redeem
 The time, for, lo it passes, like a dream;
 But if 'tis all a blank, then mark the loss
 Of hours unblessed by shadows from the Cross.

On a Dial in front of Shenstone Vicarage.

Solis adit lux, Hic docet umbrâ Crux, Datur hora.
 Umbram addit nox, Hinc abit umbræ vox, Abit hora.
 Absit mora.

NOTE.—These dials, as shown in the frontispiece and vignette, are cruciform, and the cross serves both as the gnomon and the dial-plate. The latter inscription runs round an octagon cap, and at the foot are the following words, in Greek and Hebrew characters:—

Oran didosi Stauros,ontos heliou. Yehe ore.



SUN DIAL, IN FRONT OF SHENSTONE VICARAGE.
see Page 30



In the Dark Night.

COMING events cast their shadows before them. So, at least, they say; but happily these shadows are not drawn out distinctly until the evening. In this uncertainty there is mercy, and mercy which One—the One Who has allotted this blessing of ignorance to all other beings—did not, when He became man, secure for Himself. But what a blissful possession would ignorance have been to Him! What a comfort is it even to me who have no reason to expect any particular sorrows, or at all events none approaching to those that He endured. For, if the shadows of the dark future were visible in the sunshine of my present life, what a difference would this knowledge make to me!

To mention one point only, and that by no means the most important. Whilst I am writing this, my daughter Mabel is by my side—my Mabel, not yet eleven years old, as the Spanish Liberals once sung, when they believed in Isabel, now an Ex-Queen. Mabel, my ewe lamb, is by my side as usual; and I read in her eyes, I learn from her

words, that I am everything to her. So I, who being her father, love her a thousand times better than she, being a child, can ever love me, am thankful and happy in her love. But how should I feel now, if I knew all that is to come to pass in reference to myself and her?

Without imagining anything dreadful—which I have no reason to expect—let us see what the future may probably have in store for both of us. In ten years I shall have lost many, perhaps all, my present friends, including her who is the truest friend of them all; and I may have acquired none of any sort, certainly I shall have acquired none to take the place of those who call me by the nick-name of my boyhood. But Mabel by that time will be rich in friends, some of whom are likely enough to be thinking of assuming a relationship still more tender. Ten years hence I must not expect to be fit for much work; while Mabel will be in her full bloom. So, if she should be spared till then, she will have become more necessary to me than ever. In those dark days, I shall, perhaps be dependent upon the affectionate care of her whom I have reared in my bosom, and who is to me much more than the truest sister

could be. But what shall I be to her? I shall not be so much then as I am now. Shall I even be able to retain her in my home? Should I not be compromising her happiness, and consequently my own, by embarking on such an enterprise? And if I were convinced that her own welfare depended upon her clinging to me, as Ruth clung to Naomi, would she not in all probability play the part of Orpah, and leave me with a kiss?

The truth is, that in those evil days to come, a rival is pretty sure to make his appearance, and also to supplant me in Mabel's heart. Some afternoon a young scapegrace will want to speak to me in my study, and he will tell me that my Mabel has consented to be his wife. He has only a Bungalow in Bombay to offer, or still worse, an Estancia on the Plate; but then he has told her what her future life will be, and she is delighted at her prospects, and thinks that nothing could be more charming than roughing it in the Bush with Charley, and helping to reform him, poor fellow. Of course she is pleased with these ideas, for I have taken care that she should have no notion of the roughnesses of this world, and she has very

little conception of the sort of being a rake really is. So she will go away with the happy man gladly; and after that terrible day of her marriage, that day when everybody will have offered to me their jovial congratulations, and I shall have been so miserable, I shall never see the face of my darling, my firstborn, again on earth.

All this, or something like this, or possibly something much worse than this, may take place. But I don't know that it will take place; and because nothing is certain, I, who rarely look forward, and have no desire to meet sorrows half-way, am contented and happy. For the present moments are very enjoyable. I believe in my little daughter, and I lose no opportunity of showering down on her head the abundance of my love. I am grateful also for many other blessings, but especially grateful when I think that I know nothing beyond the present day.

But then how do these considerations cause me to feel for Him who knew all things, for Him who was emphatically—

Prudens futuri temporis exitum.

There lived One, who, during the thirty-three years of His mortal existence, foresaw with fear-

ful distinctness all which was ever to happen, not only to Himself, but also to those about Him. And how terrible must that foreknowledge have been! Loneliness, ingratitude, ignominy, agony, death! All of these were coming, and every one of them held in its hand a cup of bitterness, which had, for a great end, to be drunk to the dregs. There was a day when Jerusalem hailed Him as the heir of that heroic king, who had been the most renowned of earth's autocrats. On that day excited crowds strewed palm branches on His path, and a people, crushed down with suffering, accepted Him as a Saviour and a Monarch. It was an hour of triumph, no doubt; but the same ears which caught the sound of the Hosannas, caught also, and at the same moment, the echoes of the execrations which were to be poured forth so soon. And hear what He said, not indeed on this occasion, but on another hardly less happy, to all appearance—"Do ye now believe? The hour is coming, and now is, when ye will leave Me alone."

Truly that Man was the Man of sorrows; for He was acquainted with the grief of the past, of the present, and of the future also. We must thank God for giving us that bright light of His

Gospel, which arose out of this sea of affliction ; but we should also not forget to thank Him for surrounding us, in other respects, with the shadows and the darkness of that night which He, by reason of His omniscience, could not enjoy.

A Question.

THE Ruler of a ravaged ruined State
Sighed out, in lonely sadness, "God is great,"
Then meekly yielded to his bitter fate.
His victor paid his thanks to God and man
By kissing Mary's image, the Kasan.
Which had the faith—the Turk or Russian ?



Stamboul for Italy.

GR^{EAT} CONSTANTINE, he looked around
The world which owned his rule ;

And by the Dardanelles he found
Its key, and corner-stone—and crowned
Imperial Stamboul.

And still her ocean river flows
Two continents between,
Still on her hills the myrtle grows,
And still her vales are green ;
But now, exhausted by the throes
Which coming dissolution knows,
Is the black Euxine's Queen.

Then, since the pride of Islam droops,
Doomed by its deep self-scorn,
Must we be still, while Russia stoops
Upon the Golden Horn ?
No ! though they fail us at the pinch,
Whom once we helped to free ;
Though one may snarl, and one may flinch,
And one exhausted be,
As at Vittoria, inch by inch
We'll win the mastery.

Win! and for what? That hour by hour
Imperious impotence may shower
Its curses on the guardian Giaour?
Win! and for what? That sword and gun
May end the bloody work begun
Amid the yells of Lebanon?
Win! and for what? That lust may build
Its new kiosk, its harem gild,
For this shall England's blood be spilled?

No! not for this; once, only once,
Could charity forget
The code of Islam; e'en the dunce
Learns something from regret.
Down with the Sultan; 'twould be worth
An hour of glorious dangers
To free the fairest spot on earth
From those who stamp its vales with dearth,
And mock its shrines with scornful mirth,
And use its fonts for mangers.
They have not ploughed, they have not spun;
But like voracious maggots,
Right to the core their way have won;
And now the feast is almost done,
The fruit trees turned to faggots.
Down with them; down! and up with—whom?
Whose form shall fill the vacant room,

When Bey and Pacha meet their doom?
The heir of Stamboul thou must be,
Home of the Cæsars—Italy.

Italia! at thy glorious name
All rivalry recedes for shame;
Mother of heroes! who can show

Such children as thine own?
Camillus, Fabius, Scipio,
So great they would not deign to go,

One step towards a throne,
On which their brethren, less divine,
Sate godlike, Julius, Constantine;
Nor those alone; for when the world
Its rotten crowns to chaos hurled,
And drunk with fiery draughts of war,
The eagles of the tricolor

O'er sullen Moscow shone,
Whom hailed they Lord of King and Czar?
Italia's child, that dazzling star,

The Great Napoleon!

And who, when he was forced to own
His dreams of triumph vain;
Who, when he flew to guard a throne
Which rested on his might alone,

Who seized the broken rein?
Who stayed to nerve the Gaul's retreat

Through fog and hurricane and sleet,
Across those dreary wastes, whereon
Swarmed the avengers from the Don,
The Ural, and Ukraine ?
Not thine, brave Prince of Moskowa,
Nor thine "advanced guard King," Murat,
Of Austerlitz and Arcola

The spirit to retain ;
But first in rallies and attacks,
And last to yield and turn their backs,
And gayest at cold bivouacks,
Were they of Rome and Latium,
Of Umbria and Samnium,

The rearguard with Eugène !

Nurse of the brave in days gone by,
Thy heart is still the same ;
Oppressors could not drain it dry,
Nor anarchists inflame.

And if, of yore, his Rome to save,

A hero leaped his steed
Right down that deep sepulchral cave,
Which closed upon the deed,
Did not the band which freed the land
The race of Curtius know,
Cavour and Garibaldi ; and

Il Re galantuomo ?

Then never fear, thy way is clear,
The night is past, the morn is here ;
Hail, empire of the free !
Down with the Sultan and his line,
Up with the heirs of Constantine !
Stamboul for Italy !


A Burning Question.

OF burning questions, newest lights,
Of labour's wrongs, and woman's rights,
Brimful is Go-ahead ;
He burns his fingers when he writes,
And in the burning thought delights
Of burning when he's dead.

The Eastward Position.

Our Eastward turning Priests are good, or bad, as
people view them ;
The question is, can people see, or can they not see
through them ?

On the Right Side.

UT of her bed, on the right side leaped
My Lily, my loveable daughter ;
And giving no trouble to any one, stept
Straight into her tub of cold water.

And she rubbed herself down while her sisters were
dressed,

Who happened that day to be tartars ;
While Lily, of good little girls was the best,
The pink of all nursery parterres.


Then she prayed to the Lord, and she prayed with her
heart,

Her innocent wishes arraying,
And as she had chosen, like Mary, her part,
Like Mary was blest in her praying.

At breakfast, how happy, how thankful was she,
Although the toast only was dripping ;
And then she tripped off—oh, how blest we should be,
If a fall never followed such tripping.



On the Wrong Side.

UT of her bed, on the wrong side crept,
My Lily, my petulant daughter ;
And stamping and frowning, she fretted and wept,
And she deluged the house with hot water.

She would not be washed, and she would not be
dressed,
And snatched at her stockings and garters ;
And Janet, for sympathy, screamed, and the rest
Of the family party were martyrs.

And she prayed with her lips, it was playing a part,
And the soul was the worse for her praying ;
For while she was saying, "Our Father, which art,"
She hardly knew what she was saying.

At breakfast, she flooded the butter with tea,
The loaf with her porridge was dripping ;
And so the meal ended, at last, with a flea
In her ear ; for I gave her a whipping.



Faith.

WHEN morning clouds are hanging low,
And songs are in the air ;
Although we see them not, we know
The larks are hovering there.

When hazy skies at noon-day glow
With summer's sultry glare ;
Although we see them not, we know
The bright cold stars are there.

When aspen leaves wave to and fro,
Pale suppliants for God's care ;
Although we see them not, we know
The winds of Heaven are there.

Then may this faith within us grow
By grace and earnest prayer ;
Till, though we see Him not, we know
That God is everywhere !



Hope.

THE new-born babe who in the cradle lies,
As yet for joy or grief has little scope ;
Yet may we oft-times mark the wondering eyes
Kindle with hope.

And hope thus strangely born in earliest years,
Before our earthly cares have well begun,
Strives on with mocking doubts and selfish fears,
Till life be done.

Friendship and love fly off on drooping wings,
And youthful pleasure ripens into pain ;
But on the ebbing sands of life, the springs
Of hope remain.

And when the toiling hand and troubled heart
Are laid beneath the Churchyard's sacred sod,
Hope rises thence for man's immortal part,
A hope in God.

Then let us seek, ere in the grave we lie,
That hope in Christ, by penitence and prayer ;
For hope to those who unforgiven die,
Turns to despair.

Hope Deferred.

THESE is a secret which we must not own,
Except to one who is the counterpart;
Yet, while its heavy weight is borne alone,
It rankles like a cancer in the heart.

And thus it was with Hugh, until his brain
Was well-nigh frenzied with the hope deferred;
And when the day-dream lived 'twas all in vain,
He might not speak the long-forbidden word.

So have I seen a swallow day by day,
Which sought some sheltered corner for her nest,
Still forced by cruel destiny away,
Ere her pink eggs grew warm beneath her breast.

And when at length she found among the eaves
A little nook beyond the spoiler's hand,
Amid the rustling of autumnal leaves,
Came her strange summons to another land.

It was no time for her to build her home,
No time to dream of sweet maternity;
The voice was in the air which bade her roam
Beyond the dreary, the mysterious sea.

Yet haply as she winged her destined flight
To some green harbour in the West, her tongue
Outpoured the single love which once she might
Have shared between her partner and her young.

So when this world is riven like a scroll,
And on its wreck is built Eternity,
The re-embodied, immaterial soul,
May taste of joys which here must never be.

And fitting words to some angelic strain
The one great secret of existence tell,
Secure that love will not be breathed in vain,
Nor mar the joy of one beloved too well.

A Stolen Kiss.

Our Vicar loves to kiss his pretty stole ;
'Tis well for him we deem it not amiss,
For the Divine should keep in due control
The human longings for a stolen kiss.



By the Well.

IN the country which all the civilised world calls by the name of Holy—in spite of the state of degradation into which it has fallen—a woman was returning to her home one evening. She had been to the well which supplied the city where she lived; and from it she was bearing, in a pitcher, the water required for the supper of a churlish and penurious, but rich husband.

Wonder and awe seemed engraven on her countenance, in lines which were not likely to be obliterated; yet traces of a strange indefinable joy, might occasionally be seen passing across that face, like the ripples with which a gust from the surrounding mountains streaks the dark depths of Gennesaret. And sometimes aloud, yet still more often in a whisper, she repeated these words, “He told me all that ever I did.”

“Told you all that ever you did, Marah!” cried one of her female neighbours, who overheard this strange refrain. “‘Told you all that ever you did!’ Who has told you everything,

or indeed anything about yourself, which all of us have not heard often? What have you ever done which we don't know? You married old Barjonas, a stingy fellow, who is rich enough to keep slaves to wait on you; but he loves his money better than he loves anything else, except perhaps his evening meal. You would marry him, you know; because your dowry was lost when that accursed Herod sacked Migdol. You would not have poor Nathan, of Shimron, and now he has gone away, nobody knows where. You could not make up your mind to marry him, because he was not likely to keep you in idleness, which you—a Prince's daughter—loved better than you loved him. And that was your reason also for slighting Manasses, my poor brother, who died of a sunstroke in the barley harvest; died, because he wanted to show you how strong he was, and therefore, how well able to protect you. Nor would you listen to Judas, of Galilee, who joined the army of the vassal king, the slave-monarch of Egypt, and fell fighting in Goshen; nor silly Simon either, who used to carry your pitcher from the well, in spite of our jeers;

nor that other one, I forget his name, and all about him ; but, I know that you have broken the hearts of five brave men. And what good have you done to yourself after all ? However, the old usurer is your husband, and you have to obey him, though you can't love him."

All this was too true, Marah had hoped to escape the drudgery of life, by her marriage, and had been disappointed. She had, in fact, incurred slavery without acquiring any recompense in return. But Barjonas, much as she abhorred him now, was her husband. Her husband ! At least she had thought that he stood in that hallowed relationship towards her until that day. Now she knew that the wretch was not, in reality, her husband. Five times in succession had she given her heart, an honest heart it once was, receiving a faithful and true heart in return ; on each of these occasions she had been wedded in the sight of the ever-present God. She had had five husbands. The sixth time she had been wedded with much pomp and ceremony in the sight of man, but then she was not married at all in the sight of God. She had given her heart before, and each time a merciful God had hallowed the union. She had sold her

body the sixth time; and no amount of religious celebrations could ever hallow that unholy alliance. A wife she now was in some sort, but a true wife no longer to anybody; for her five husbands were in their graves, killed each one of them by her. The Stranger at the well, the man with the marred yet Godlike face, had sounded the depths of her soul. He had, indeed, told her all that ever she did.

That Stranger was Jesus of Nazareth, Who speaks to us all through our conscience, and to some, who stand high in this world, the voice is as startling and as suggestive as it was to the woman

BY THE WELL.



The Withered Mistletoe.

YOU ask me, lady, if this leaf
Is sacred to a joy or grief?
Thus spoke a soldier, Lord Alaine,
Then turned away, as though he fain
Would leave her thus, and go;
But Edith said, "Some happy fair
Plucked it for thee, and hence your care
Of that dead mistletoe—"
She, laughing, ceased; and he replied,
"Thou art too fair to be denied,
And fate will have it so.
Then hear my tale, which hopes to earn
Not even pity in return."

I left an only sister, when across the wintry main
We hurried at Sir Arthur's call to fight the
French in Spain;
And it chanced as we were riding o'er the dying and
the dead,
When Marmont's rent battalions from Salamanca fled,
There came above the mingled yells, the trumpet, and
the drum,
My sister's voice, in pleading tones, it whispered,
"Edgar, come!"

And little did I tarry when they gave me leave to go,
By day and night I travelled, and the swiftest horse
was slow ;

For across the wasted cornfields, and above the city's
hum,

There sighed the same mysterious voice, still whispering,
“ Brother, come ! ”

They must have deemed me maddened when, in passing
o'er the sea,

Amid the band which carried home the news of
victory,

I walked along the crowded deck, in silence, and apart,
With an eye which gazed on vacancy, and a foreboding
heart.

And when amid a thunderstorm, the dreary sounds
were heard

Of the creaking of the cordage, and the tempest-boding
bird,

I heeded not the hurricane, for in its wildest might,
When it wrestled with the angry waves on that
disastrous night—

There was the same low wailing moan, that murmur of
unrest,

Which first I heard amid the guns on La Cabañas crest.
At length the wished-for morning dawned, and Dover's
cliffs were seen,

Which guard the home of liberty, the ocean's Empress
Queen ;

But not the sailors' happy cheers, nor the huzzaing
town,

Could keep that voice of boding, that lamentation down.
At length I reached my own old home, it seemed
untenanted,

But there lay a living skeleton, my sister on her bed.

"Look up, dear Mary, I, Alaine, am come to thee," I
cried ;

"And art thou here at last," in tones reproachful, she
replied ;

"Then I will tell thee all my grief, 'tis well that you
should know,

For you will place within my grave this withered
mistletoe."

She spoke, and slowly opening the foldings of her vest,
There lay a branch of mistletoe upon my sister's breast.
I shuddered, for an early death, or else a life of pain
Had been the lot of all who bore our hapless name,
Alaine,

If they dared to touch a single leaf of that mysterious
bough,

Which on my dying sister's heart was madly cherished
now.

"My Mary, cast our curse away," in agony I cried.

“First hear me, Edgar, ere you blame,” the weeping girl replied.

Thus ran her tale: “You left your home, and scarce a month had passed,

When Alice died, our faithful nurse, my best friend and my last;

But fortune seemed awhile to smile, for a kinsman, Lord of Bray,

To whom our sire committed us upon his dying day—
With a letter full of kindly words, a trusty servant sent
To offer me a home with him; there thankfully I went.
And merry was that summer in the old Grange of Boclere,

For the gayest and the bravest loved to loiter by my chair.

At length the winter brought the yule, and all the grateful earth

Was clad in white to celebrate its Lord's, the Saviour's birth;

And every heart was full of joy, but none so full as mine,

For I was pledged to dance that night with Edward Argentine.

He wore a branch of misletoe conspicuous on his breast,
And so did all within the hall, 'twas the Lord Bray's behest;

But I had vainly strived to twine its dark leaves in
my hair,

My hand refused the ill-omened deed, I could not place
them there.

He saw, and whispered, 'Mary, dear, this must not,
shall not be,

Then take a leaf of mistletoe and wear it, 'tis from me;
For only thus, and always thus, an Argentine, 'tis said,
Must woo a maiden to his side, if he would blithely
wed.'

Then who may tell the maddening thoughts which
raged within my soul,

There was the tide of wild delight, too turbid for
control;

But there rose before my swimming eyes the pale form
of my nurse,

And there rung within my startled ears—Alaine's
enduring curse.

But I took the gift he offered, and I sunk upon the
floor,

Amid the dance, in deadly trance, my dream of joy
was o'er!

For suddenly the music ceased, and through the
crowded hall

Rung out discordant, jarring sounds—I understood them
all—

There was my Edward's voice of love, recalling me to life,
In accents full of kindness, as his darling, as his wife ;
As yet unheeding the loud taunts, which I, alas ! could
mark,

The brutal threats, too soon flung back, of Adrian von
Starke.

‘Mein Gott,’ he cried, ‘and have you dared for a village
maiden’s tear

To slight my sister Margaret, when Adrian is here ;
But if a Swabian countess must be jilted for this girl,
A challenge at your perjured head, Lord Argentine, I
hurl !’

In part a dream, this might have been, but when I
lived again,

Blood had been shed, Count Adrian lived, my Edward
had been slain.”

Here Edgar paused, then sighing said, “The end is nearing
now,

What Argentine to Mary was, Edith, to me art thou.

Now listen ; on a Christmas Eve beneath a tree we
stood,

An old oak tree, Augustine’s tree, the patriarch of your
wood ;

How came we there, and thus alone, did I mean to
speak the word ?

A raven broke the silence, how you started as you
heard—

But I hailed the happy omen ; for a raven marked the
shield

Of the Alaine on Crecy's plain, and Towton's bloody
field.

Again it croaked, revealing where it nestled overhead,
Then through the branches crashed the shot, the raven
fell stone dead ;

And gun in hand, Count Adrian came, the man I
most abhorred,

The slayer of my sister's heart, your bosom's chosen lord.
And you remember not, it seems—but I shall ne'er
forget

How, when I strangled for your sake the rapture of a
threat,

You pressed my hand, you gave me this, you turned
with him to go,

I placed it in my breast, although I knew 'twas
mistletoe.

Then darkness closed around me, and the snow was
falling fast,

And spirits of my hapless race came riding on the
blast.

There was the skin-clad mountain chief, the first, the
worst Alaine,

Who bore upon his brow a mark, for he had killed like
Cain—

Had killed to win the wily smile, and pamper the
revenge

Of a beautiful idolatress, the witch-wife of Stonehenge.
And placed the Druid's hateful badge, the mis-begotten tree
Upon God's altar, on the eve of the Nativity.

And there was some I knew not, but there was one I
knew,

The victim of her fatal love, as beautiful as you ;
She stood beneath the oak, she stroked the raven's
glossy head,

And pointing to that bleeding breast, my spectre sister fled.

Here Edgar stopped, then added, "Now farewell, Count
Adrian's bride,

For I must die, yet not be laid by my poor sister's side."
He fell ; and though before his time, he had not lived
in vain,

For on a heap of Chasseurs killed, green Chasseurs of
Touraine,

Hard by the Farm of Hougoumont lay the Brigadier
Alaine,

And the fatal gash, the sabre slash, which laid that
soldier low,

Cut through a leaf, a little leaf, of withered misletoe.

Drowned.

FOUND drowned !
Oh grief profound !

Oh verdict hard to bear by those who weep,
Beside the deep,
O'er loved ones cast ashore in death's grim sleep.

Long drowned !
Yet never found !
Oh harder still to mourn the loved, for whom
Earth has no tomb,
Whereon the asphodels of Easter bloom.

But found
Will be the drowned,
The tombless drowned, when the lone trumpet's blast
Reveals at last
The secrets of the future, and the past.



Ill Success.

WRECK of a confident hope, the bravest can hardly
endure it ;

Hardly endure it at morn, when the life-boat is soonest
refitted ;

Hardly live through it at eve, the eve of a lingering
autumn,

When on a plentiful field, too ready to welcome the
reapers,

Pelts the chill pitiless hail, till it thrashes the corn in
the furrows ;


But the worst downfall is his, whose anathemas home-
ward returning,

Like the foul boomerang, aim at the impotent Annas
who hurled them.



The Rhine Watch.

(Müller).

 SLOGAN, like the thunder's roar,
The clash of swords, or waves ashore,
The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine!
Who guards that stream in battle line?
Be calm, dear Fatherland of mine,
The watch stands stedfast on the Rhine.

Through tens of thousands runs the cry,
And brightly flashes every eye;
The Germans, gentle, brave, and pure,
That holy landmark will secure—
Be calm, dear Fatherland of mine,
The watch stands stedfast on the Rhine.


And though my spirit death should tame,
Thou shalt not bear the Frenchman's name;
Rich as in waters is thy flood,
So Deutschland is in heroes' blood.
Be calm, dear Fatherland of mine,
The watch stands stedfast on the Rhine.

So gazing heavenward, where at rest
His sires look down, heroic, blest,
He swears with loud chivalrous cry,
Rhine shall be German, as will I.
Be calm, dear Fatherland of mine,
The watch stands stedfast on the Rhine.

The oath rings out, the waters flow,
Flags flutter, where the breezes blow;
The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine!
We all will guard thee, all be thine.
Be calm, dear Fatherland of mine,
The watch stands stedfast on the Rhine.



On the Eye of the White Horse.

S he who sits upon the eye
Of the White Horse at Cherhill,
The stately outline to descry
Of Hengist's charger is too nigh ;
And only sees the chalk-flints lie
In water-courses sterile,

So loomed a hillside Bard, too grand
For those who trod him under ;
They saw the spirit on the sand,
Spilled by his left, his mortal hand ;
But saw not, nor could understand
That from his right, rolled thunder.

But we, more distant from its base,
That Scotch heart judge more truly ;
And, while the sunrise on the face
Brings out each sad, colossal grace,
The features of a Memnon trace,
And love the dead man duly.

Who has not felt his spirit glow,
For her, that wife true-hearted,
Who down the hill of life would go,
And share the grave with him below,
With him, John Anderson, her jo,
Loath only to be parted ?

Or who, that leaves for night's dark air
His flagon or decanter,
Forgets to breathe a cheerful prayer,
To be preserved from every snare
Of him, who docked the flying mare
Of merry Tam o' Shanter ?

Then ye, who struggling for renown,
Are racked with mocking laughter,
Think of the White Horse on the down,
And care not for man's present frown,
If only ye can win the crown
And sceptre of Hereafter.



To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

PLY the axe, the chips are flying,
Click, and creak, and crash ;
On the dinted turf is lying,
Felled by thee, an ash.

Let the huge limbs be disjointed,
Square the graceful head,
Lop the branches, eben-pointed,
All the tree is dead.

Life is gone, and gone for ever,
Great the gap may be,
But 'tis useless to endeavour
To uprear the tree.

Is it thus when man is smitten
To the ground by sin ?
Is the condemnation written,
He must die therein ?

Die without a hope of pardon !
Die without recall !
Like the ash-tree at thy Hawarden,
Prostrate once for all ?

No, there is a restoration
For a fallen race;
For the penitent salvation,
For the contrite grace;

And a joyful Easter breaketh
When the Lent is done,
And the slumberer awaketh
With the morning sun.

Answered Prayers.

GOD makes the worthless priceless, as the dews
Drawn upwards from the salt, the barren main,
O'er parched and hungry continents diffuse
The joyous produce of the fruitful rain.

So, if our hearty prayers to heaven arise,
The answer they, who share our lives, will see,
In love, contentment, truth, self-sacrifice,
And above all, divine humility.



Wuldah.

“**L**ET gladness span grief’s overflow,”
God speaks, and lo! ’tis done;

The rain must show its latent bow,

If He unveils His sun.

’Twas thus, when from Megiddo’s fray,

Sore smitten to the marrow,

The Son of Amon bore away

Mizraim’s fatal arrow;

For then by Accho’s crescent shore,

By bitter waters rolling o’er

The foulness of Gomorrhæ;

By Hermon’s Hill, and Succoth’s vale,

Arose the Hadadrimmon wail,

A hurricane of sorrow.

On Merom and on Chinnereth,

The fishers in their ships

Drew near to shore, and held their breath,

With pale and parted lips;

The herdsmen on Tekoah’s plains,

Unyoked their oxen from the wains,

And stood in mute despair;

Then “All is lost, all lost” they said,

And left the bending rye to shed
Its over-ripened grain, and fled

They knew not, recked not, where.
O'er Bethlem's hills the untended sheep
Went wandering, wild, and scattered,
The shepherds only cared to weep,

For hope was dead, what mattered ?
What mattered all the world might take,
Their love, their grief it could not shake ;
What mattered all the world might give,
It could not bid their monarch live.
So, winding sackcloth round their serge,
His sorrowing people sang the dirge
Of their anointed Lord,
Their Lord who lay beyond the reach
Of gentle or ungentle speech,
Asleep beneath the sward.

For him they mourned, and Huldah led
Josiah's burial song,
With tongue that trembled, heart that bled,
And ashes sprinkled on a head
Bent down with anguish strong.
Alas for Huldah ! she had known
That sorrow many a day,
Had heard it wail around the throne,

And gone to meet it, she alone,
 With boding heart, half-way ;
Had heard it in the mingled yell
Of wrath, and grief, when Amon fell,

 To murderous traitors sold ;
Had heard it in the shouts of joy,
Which greeted Amon's royal boy,

 A king at eight years old.
Amid the clattering of the steel,
The charger's neigh, the trumpet's peal,

 The pattering of men's feet ;
Amid the bustle, and the hum,
The tabret, dulcimer, and drum,

 From housetop, porch, and street,
That ghost-like presence whispering came,
And ever changing, yet the same :
Above the blessing of the priest,
Above the uproar at the feast,
Above the coronation strain,
It rose, and fell, and rose again.

Nor, if at times 'twould seem to pass,
Like shadows, fading from a glass

 O'erclouded by a breath,
Could Judah's prophetess forget
That all around her, lingering yet,

Were auguries of death ;
And well she knew that each reprieve
Must bid her heart, condemned to grieve,
Grieve more, and ever more ;
For 'twas a tide which hemmed her in,
That full spring tide, which fain would win
A broader belt of shore ;
The farther rolled the ebbing sound,
The nearer, at the next rebound,
Flowed up its threatening roar.

And so the fate, which dogged the King,
Was in the hammer's cheery ring ;
The destiny athirst for blood
Was in the mallet's weary thud,
When stone and timber, fitting well,
Upreared his royal citadel,
His holy house of prayer ;
It seemed to mingle with each breath,
And taint the springs of life with death ;
To modify on every side
Each tone, itself unmodified ;
Anon, 'twas piteous, as the cry
Of some poor leveret,
Which sees the supple weasel nigh,
And blindly leaping, loath to die,

Falls backward, powerless to fly,

And writhing in the net :

Anon, 'twas like the fernow's screech,

Anon, the struggling after speech,

When frenzy stirs the dumb :

She could not catch the words, but still

She knew their import boded ill,

And that the blow must come.

Nor, when to learn their country's fate

The Lords of Judah went,

And flocking round her Mishneh gate,

Poured forth their discontent :

Could Huldah hope to still their dread,

Or bid their grief be comforted ;

But hers to prophesy of woe,

A charge, a crash, an overthrow ;

A flying chariot hurrying out

A wounded monarch from a rout ;

An arrow keen, and barbed ; a cry

As when the first-born woke to die ;

And then a little pause ; and then

Another muster of armed men ;

Another charge, a flight, a slaughter ;

And high above the din

The ghostly voice of Laban's daughter,

Bewailing Benjamin ;
And then a street where cattle grazed ;
A temple sacked, polluted, razed ;
A loathsome trench that served for graves ;
A people, captives, exiles, slaves ;
A row of harps, and all unstrung,
On willows by Euphrates hung ;
Such were the scenes of which she spake,
And yet she said, " This message take,
 This comfort to your chief ;
Tell him, that ere his heart has known
The ills which crush a falling throne,
A starving people's insults rude,
A courtier's sleek ingratitude ;
He, with his noble form unbowed,
With look so lofty, yet not proud ;
He, with the music of a tongue,
Which guides the old, and charms the young ;
With ample brow, unwrinkled still,
And hand, unmatched for strength and skill,
With soul on mighty projects bent,
And buoyed on depths of calm content,
 And fulness of belief ;
Shall snap the cords of fate, and free
His richly-freighted argosy,
And spread its silvery sails, and find

The breeze, which leaves the clouds behind,
And anchor, where the troubled wave
Is calmed at once—a soldier's grave."

But though she knew for him 'twas best
To leave the world, and be at rest ;
Yet, when Megiddo's fight was o'er,
And Kishon, foul with dust, and gore,
Flushed seaward, in the snow-white spray
To wash dishonour's stain away ;
A sorrow, darker in its hue
Than she had dreamed of, pierced her through ;
She could have borne to see him die,
Had triumph fired his glazing eye ;
But thus to fall ! that Amon's son
Should perish, serving Babylon !
And hated Egypt strike the blow,
Which laid the Lord of Judah low !
This was a burden hard to bear,
What marvel then if her despair
Broke into strains she could not stem,
A wild, impatient requiem—

To see ! to know !

What is it but to welcome woe ?

In Eden it was even so.

God said to Eve,
"Thine eyes are open, thou must leave
This happy garden ; See ! and grieve !"

'Twas thus with me,
A prophetess I fain would be,
And I have been—of misery.

Long, long ago,
I saw the world in deadly throe,
And evil breaking from below.

I saw it all,
The flight of arrows, and the fall,
The deathbed, and the funeral.

And yet, poor slave !
My hero king I could not save,
Nor turn him from his open grave.

Then happy they,
Who only see from day to day
Their little portion of life's way.

Who onward go
To fiery mountains capped with snow ;
And reach, and scale them, ere they know.

For why ? 'tis green
Beneath their footsteps, and unseen
Those distant hills, those depths between.

Therefore to know,
What is it but to welcome woe ?
For me, for him, it has been so.

She ceased, and to her ears once more
That whisper came, as heretofore ;
Yet not as heretofore, for then
'Twas like the cry of stifled men,
Deep in the miner's dangerous hive
Interred, and hopeless, though alive ;
But now 'twas like a bugle tone,
Upon some Alpine summit blown,
Which, mingling with the mountain breeze,
High o'er the tops of giant trees,
Speeds on in unimpeded flight
To yon ice torrent opposite ;
And thence returns in circles wide,
By echo's magic multiplied,
Weird, shadowy sounds, which seem the lay
Of heavenly minstrels, far away.

Weep not for him,
The eye thou deemest closed, and dim,
Is gazing on the Cherubim.

Nor grieve that he
Was conquered ; dost thou fail to see
What seemed defeat, was victory ?

Nor he alone
Of Kings, the heirs to Judah's throne,
For Judah's life must give his own ;

The Good, the Just,
The Christ, in whom the Angels trust,
Must thus be humbled to the dust.

Dying, must feel
The thorn, the nail, the spearman's steel,
And tread on death with bleeding heel.

Then happy they,
Who see beyond the present day,
And know the ending of their way !

For such are blest :
God ordereth all things for the best ;
So welcome toil, and welcome rest,

Each may be gain :
Each joy His sunshine, and each pain,
His furrow, glistening with His rain ;

But farewell fear,
To God's elect it comes not near,
Their life begins when death is here.

Breathless she stood, and listening, but the voice
Was mute, which bade the mourner's heart rejoice,
Its work complete ; for as, while all was dark,
An Angel wrestled with the Patriarch,
Yet left that tired one at the dawn, and blessed
The ended struggle, and the endless rest,
So light on Huldah broke, and light sufficed
To clothe her world with verdure, for 'twas Christ.

The King's Feast.

FOR all a Kingly Feast is spread,
For all who come, a Royal dress,
The Feast, a Saviour's Wine and Bread !
The garb, His perfect Holiness !

How fares he then who turns away,
Thus called by God to be His guest ?
If we reject Him all the day,
Shall we with Him at midnight rest ?



A Picture by Doré.

O! how the hand of Doré has portrayed
The suffering soul by faith victorious made.
In the huge shambles which Vespasian planned,
The streams of human blood have dyed the sand.
'Tis night, the crowd has gone, its hideous howls
No longer drown the bounding tiger's growls;
A horrid night; for still the full-fed beast
Snarls loud defiance, tearing at its feast.
But o'er the seats, which tier on tier arise,
Like a dark hill against the starlit skies,
Descending angels winged with love, are come
To raise the dead, whose death was martyrdom—

A noble end, and yet a joyous yell
Went up from thousands, when each Christian fell;
Then what infringement of Imperial laws
Had doomed their bodies to the lions' jaws?
How had they sinned, who perished side by side,
So young, so fair, that bridegroom and his bride?
Wealth had been theirs, a long ancestral line,
A stately homestead on the Palatine;
A name revered for worth without pretence,
And looks which spoke of happy innocence;

What clouds had darkened their meridian sun,
What treason planned, or sacrilege begun?
Their crime was love, a love for Christ their Lord,
His perfect love their infinite reward;
And yet across their peril had been laid
An easy bridge, the path attractive made;
For this the choice, "to Venus incense give,
These grains of blissful incense, and ye live;
Refuse this adoration, and ye die."
"Then die we will," their resolute reply;
"There is one God alone, yet not alone,
Whose triple presence fills His single throne;
In Him we trust, and though the world be dark,
Christ is the bow of promise, and the ark."

Oh, mighty power of faith, a power above
The dread of death, the ecstasy of love;
They who in weakness are made strong by Thee,
Fall, if they fall, achieving victory.



An Evening Communion.

‘TWAS sunset, over sky and hill
Those lingering rays were shed,
Which, like true glory’s haloes, still
Tell of a Day-star dead.

And night’s funereal mantle grew
More wide in fold, more deep in hue ;
And glad were they, a weary twain,
Their hostelry at length to gain.

He who had joined them, seemed as though
On through the darkness bent to go ;
But will He leave them then, and thus ?
“ Ah, no,” they said, “ Abide with us.
Abide with us, since on the eve

The night is trenching fast ;
Abide, and aid us to believe
That all the fearful past
Will bring this guilty world’s reprieve,
And end in joy at last.”

Their prayer was granted ; when was prayer
Addressed in vain to Him ?
Or, while He fought with sin and death
Upon the hills of Nazareth ;

Or now, that He had gone to share
A crown, beyond this world of care,
Between the Cherubim.

Nor was His head in silence bent,
With an unwilling half consent ;
But kindly voice, and gracious word,
Revealed the joy with which He heard ;

And yet their eyes were dim—
They knew Him not, Who spoke to them
Of Jesus and Jerusalem.

Then entered Christ that hostel's door ;
'Twas full, as thirty years before
Had been the inn, when Mary bore
Her Child, upon the manger floor
At lowly Bethlehem ;

Like waifs upon an angry shore,
None welcomed Him, or them.

But soon the supper, duly spread,
Was on the table, wine, and bread ;
Then broke the Guest their barley cake,
And said, "Receive it for My sake,"

And vanished, while He gave.
They gazed enraptured ; at their side
Had stood their Lord, the Crucified !
Arisen from the grave !

But had He left them in that hour,
When, like an Aaron's rod,
Their tree of life burst into flower,
An olive tree of God ?
No, He was there, though lost to view ;
As when, uprising from the dew,
The songster of the sky
Rains down melodious raptures over
That spot, where, half concealed by clover,
Peers forth a watchful eye ;
For though the swelling quivering throat
Of him, above the clouds afloat,
She may not hope to mark ;
Yet, while that soaring pilgrim sings,
Though all around be dark,
A heaven, amid his carollings,
Dawns on the brooding lark.

Then shall we say 'tis vain to seek
The ever-living Word ?
Or that petitions, pure and meek,
By Jesus are unheard ?
No, wheresoe'er His people meet,
Or in religion's calm retreat,
Or in the ship at sea,

There, with the Blessed Paraclete,
Dispensing grace is He.
He deigns His symbol to impress
Upon the infant's head ;
He comes, the marriage feast to bless,
He smooths the dying bed,
And calms the bursts of wild distress
At burials of the dead.

Yet though the Lord be ever near,
His people to assist,
And though each moment in the year
Should yield its Eucharist,
Yet there are times, when closer still,
And closer, draws the Word,
With blessings, holier than thy hill,
Gerizim, ever heard.
'Tis not in thunder, nor in fire,
But in the still small voice,
He comes, and hark ! a heavenly choir
Bids a lost heart rejoice ;
Anon, in consecrated domes,
Anon, amid palatial homes,
Anon, beneath the rafters bare,
Where fevered want might else despair,
That Voice is heard ; and unto each

It breathes the same mysterious speech :

“This is my Body. Take, and eat,

In memory of Me,

My Bread, the true, life-giving meat,

Of Him who died for thee !

And drink ye all this hallowed Wine,

The Blood, which once was spent,

To be the Sacramental sign,

Sealing my Testament !”

High Sacrifice of thanks and praise !

Foretaste of feasts in Heaven !

Bless Thou our cup in joyous days !

Our bread at midnight leaven !

A Warning.

THIS strange trusteeship of the bankrupt Turk,
Believe me, England, will be dangerous work ;
More dangerous still to take his isle as pay ;
Such acquisitions fileh true strength away ;
Savoy and Nice, like Cyprus, seemed a gain,
But what their cost ? 'Twas Alsace and Lorraine.

At Capri—A Contrast.

ERE the foul presence of Imperial Rome
Shamed the frail Sirens in their island home
With heads erect, and looking o'er the sea
To Pæstum here, and there Parthenope,
And wanton arms outstretched to either bay,
The sprites of Capri sang their magic lay.
“Ye who would revel in the soft delight
Of sunny spring in life's December night;
Would toy with peace amid the whirl of war,
Here is the camp of Love, the conqueror,
Of Love, who flies the better to pursue,
Who never yields, unless he can subdue;
And only conquers, that the world may be
Filled with the greatness of his victory.”

A Lord of lordly men, who ruled the earth
By the proud title of their Roman birth;
Feared by his slaves, and thus enslaved by fear.
To these seductive strains gave willing ear:
For he had longed censorious tongues to hush,
To sin in peace, and not be made to blush;
And though he loved to mark the general awe,
And scoffed at honour, and himself was law,

He deemed that they, who fain would live to shock
A crouching crowd, should vex it from a rock.
So on these cliffs, a sensual anchorite,
He coiled the massive mainspring of his might ;
Crushed out the soul beneath his baneful rule,
And made the flesh his plaything and his tool.

An idol he, and absolute his sway,
But underneath the gold what loathsome clay !
Fronting the couch whereon at noontide sat
This Emperor, this lonely autocrat,
The portrait of Vipsania ! Her frail dress
Reveals, conceals, increases loveliness ;
'Tis she from whom ambition made him part,
She, who had almost found in him a heart,
And searching, lost her own ; divorced, forlorn,
The widowed mother of his child unborn.
She, whom he left, in spite of claims, which hard
Untutored hearts instinctively regard ;
Left ! and for whom ? That portrait, not so fair,
Tells its own tale, too common everywhere ;
Thrust out of sight, its gaudy face reversed,
Upon the back the bitter word " accurst."'
Nor blame the deed ; for something is in her
Lascivious features, strangely sinister—

And he who hated most her shameless life,
Had shared its shame, for Julia was his wife.
Can this be he, abhorring and abhorred,
Whom all should honour, all should hail as Lord ?

If such the question, this external glare
With other rays of inner light compare ;
The old man sits, as one in waking trance,
With looks suspicious, petulant, askance.
And lo ! in terror, ill-concealed by scorn,
He reads a missive, left, at early morn,
On the scant beach beneath Timburio's cliff,
By waves receding from a stranded skiff.
A fearful night had run the wreck aground,
The crew were lost, that letter had been found ;
Its seal a Lance, its superscription thus,
“ To the world's Lord, my Lord Tiberius.”

Musing, the second Caesar speaks—“ And so
Jesus was buried not a month ago !
Yet when I sat upon my mother's knee,
A Syrian sang ‘the death on Calvary.’
And haunting tones were in the wild refrain,
‘The Son of David from the Cross shall reign ;’
And He, who walked on my Tiberias lake,
Was He, the Prince of whom the prophet spake.

He fed His thousands, multiplying bread
On the bare hills, 'tis well that He is dead ;
'Twas wisely done to let the traitors cry,
'Hosanna,' loud, and louder, 'Crucify.'
On them, and on their race will rest the blame ;
My Pontius washed his hands, I do the same ;
And wiser still their haughty souls to vex,
With the vile Cross, and Judæorum Rex.
For all is ended—all must end with death,
And Rome is mistress still, not Nazareth ;
Till from his throne Tiberius has been hurled,
Nor God, nor man, shall overcome his world."

Vain-glorious boaster, how supremely blind
Thy self-reliant, yet distrustful mind ;
A few more years, and then a sudden swoon,
A Caius hailed, apparently too soon,
Yet not too soon—for Macro's April cloak
Eclipsed thy might majestic, while it woke ;
And slavish millions, deeming they were freed,
Scarce blamed their new Harmodius for his deed.
Or blaming, wondered they had borne so long
A hideous bloated incubus of wrong.

His future thus, his star soon o'ercast,
The present what ? nay, rather, what the past !

The Christ was risen, ere Tiberius read
The parchment telling that the Christ was dead.
The sun had dawned upon the Easter Day,
The trembling globe had rolled the stone away ;
And He so guarded, He by grave-clothes tied,
He, Whom His own had mocked and crucified,
Rose from the grave, annulling Adam's curse,
His foe dethroned, His throne the universe,
His crown of thorns, His pentacle of scars,
The themes of music for the morning stars.

Rome's Converts.

THE Pilgrim steering for Eternal Day,
When Sirens call him, keeps the narrow way ;
But how seductively their Rock invites
Self-satisfied, sectarian Sybarites.



Smallness and Greatness.

BOOTED and spurred ! as when he bore
Arms at Sedan ;

The very uniform he wore,
When war's wild dream for him was o'er,
Mocked the dead man !

Grim parody of martial state !
Poor littleness which would be great !

In every word and action shown,
Smallness inborn
Had claimed that Louis for her own,
As when Republican Boulogne
Laughed him to scorn,
While the tame eagle, round his hat,
Flew screaming for its lure of fat.

For little efforts to be great
Had been his bane ;
These bade him brave a people's hate,
And bind a too confiding state
With his base chain ;
And at the last, in sheer despair,
These forced him Bismarck's host to dare.

Vain each attempt, each empty aim,

Napoleon !

Thou hast not earned, or love, or fame,

Thou hast disgraced a dazzling name,

But thou art gone !

And 'tis not ours to judge the deeds

For which thy victim France stills bleeds.

Then happy they who own that might

Of man is small,

In presence of a glorious height,

Which in the majesty of right,

Rises o'er all ;

Theirs is true greatness, they alone

Step from earth's prison to a throne.



Redemption.

SURROUNDED by the sea, England is an impregnable fortress. Such places, however, may be reduced by starvation, and much of our food is brought from abroad.

But if the fate of Metz and Paris should ever stare us in the face, there is little doubt that our sons of the Great Republic would come to the rescue of that country which is regarded by them as their mother. And then, while bonfires on every beacon told that the enemy had been driven off, that food ships, flying the Stars and Stripes, were in the Mersey, the Tyne, the Severn, and the Thames; and that the President of the States, commanding in person the relieving forces, was returning thanks in St. Paul's by the side of the English Sovereign, then we should understand far better than we do now, but not better than we ought to understand, the meaning of the joyous word—REDEMPTION.



Love Unfeigned.

WICKED Kate! He's almost captured,
And the toils were neatly set;
Wicked Kate! They're all enraptured,
And they have not caught you yet.

Caught you! He who tries will rue it,
Breaking hearts of course is fun,
And in safety you may do it,
For, my Kate, you have not one.

Have not one! I read you better
Than my boyhood used to do;
Read, and mark you, since a letter
Cut my heart, and scared it too.

Have not one! Were all creation
Hanging on a thread, I know,
If 'twould save you a vexation,
You would snap, and let it go.

Yet, for useful friends, affection
You can feign, can love your mare;
And your bright eyes make detection
Of their hollow hardness rare.

So you'll have a host of offers,
Fresh ones every other night,
Eldest sons with heavy coffers,
Younger ones, alas ! with light.

And you'll angle, angle, angle,
For the fish of heaviest weight ;
Slightly hook, and let them dangle,
Thinking each will do—for bait.

But a coronet will never
Rest on your ambitious curls—
For, although I call you clever,
You are scarce a match for earls.

So your little skiff will carry
Topsails, till it sinks at last ;
And you'll deem it time to marry
When the golden noon is past ;

When your beauty is departing,
And your appetite amiss,
And your vanity is smarting
At a younger rival's bliss.

Then, like some untiring spider,
You the flimsy lines will set ;
Spread them wider, wider, wider,
And retiring, watch the net :

Watch the net ! Till out to throttle,
Out to manacle the prey ;
Out, to find it no bluebottle,
But a tearing wasp at bay !


Wicked Kate ! a frightful matter
Will a London life be then,
None to flirt with, none to flatter,
No dear tender dancing men.

They who now with feeble passion
In their gloves your fingers fold,
Will—believe me, 'tis their fashion—
Call you ugly, stupid, old.

Then shall I, the wronged, be righted ;
I be righted ! No, not I ;
I shall grieve to see thee slighted—
Love unfeigned can never die.



Evergreens at Christmas.

N Christmas Eve before an altar bent
Arthur and Helen; she in tears, and he—
'Twas hard to read that face, but much was there
Of sadness, more of joy—a joy that seemed
Born of some secret triumph.

Yet the twain
Nor were, nor could be, lovers; for her heart
Was far away—was in the foremost tent,
Where Indus guards the Empire's frontier line.
Then, wherefore, stood they there apart?

'Twas thus:

They had been weaving leafy coronals,
Plucked from those trees which, like brave-hearted men,
Smile kindly upon frost—weaving green bands
For font and pillar; now their Christmas work
Completed, he, from fragments, strewed around,
Would cull enough of greenery to deck
Her chamber.

From his hand unconsciously
She took them, one by one, arranging each
Within her own; then first he gave to her
(Scarce knowing in the twilight what he gave)

A sprig of berried holly, which, as one
Betrothed to fickle loveliness, across
Her portal lays his weapon, to the world
Bristling with thorns, but round that guarded home
Curled softly; next 'twas ivy, which, though storms
Have stripped her wrinkled elm, clings round it still.

But what are these funereal leaves which now
He offers?

“See,” she tremulously said,
“’Tis deadly cypress—and on Christmas Eve!
Alas, for him! whose image in my heart
Rose bleeding at thy gift.”

Nought Arthur spake,
But stretched his hand to take the cypress back;
For cypress could not harm him, save through her;
But still she held it shuddering, closely grasped,
He shuddering too; for now his ear, by some
Mysterious agency, had caught, amid
The stillness of the sanctuary, the yell
Of Afghan war upon those glaring hills
Where many a prayer of his kept guard around
Her future lord; but then the vision changed,
And Arthur said, “The cypress comes to nought,
Or else it was not cypress which I gave;
Look, Helen! was it cypress?”

She held out
Her hand, which all the time had crushed his gift,
And lo! therein no portent of the grave,
But arbor vitæ, 'twas the tree of life.

He saw it, and with smiles, in tiny waves
O'er deep abysses rippling, thus spake he—
“That shalt thou keep, dear lady, 'tis a gift
Befitting both.”

The maiden bowed her head,
Her stately head, in grateful acquiescence, and
She placed his offering in her bosom, what
She did not knowing; for she had not read
That lore of Palestine, writ long ago
By some Gamaliel, hopeful, though lovelorn;
Which, be it truth or fiction, shines like dew
Upon the dry leaves of the Cabala,
How that those hands which have together touched
The tree of life, though parted here on earth,
Have still a bond between them, which each year
Must knit the closer, till at length they join:
Then, for each leaflet on the branch they held,
Three cycles and a half must they twain pass,
Nestling amid that arbor vitæ, which
O'ershadows the Eternal.

Was it well

Thus to entrap her for futurity?

Judge Arthur gently ; not the Cabala
But the Evangel breathes a benison
On patient, evergreen, unequal love.

Stooping.

A MISSION BARGE was stopped at Lichfield.
Why ?

The bridges were too low, the Barge too high ;
At length it stooped, and then the way was clear ;
A warning for the Church and State is here.
If some too stiff for stooping have their way,
Rome's watchful bird may stoop on us some day.

NOTE.—*The following may be said on the other side.*

Type of the Bishop's heart was Selwyn's Barge,
For lowness and for narrowness, too large.



Undone.

(Heine.)

LAST eve, a sunset out at sea
The waves with light was streaking,
Within a fisher's hut sat we,
Alone, and never speaking.

Now here, now there, the seagulls flew,
Clouds drifted, seas were swelling ;
Out of her eyes, love brimming through,
The teardrops were a-welling.

I saw them land upon her hand ;
Then, on my knees down sinking,
Straight from that hand—that snow-white hand,
Those teardrops I was drinking.

From that time forth, my life it died,
My soul to grief was mated—
Alas, alas ! while thus she cried,
Her tears intoxicated.



The Mayor of the Palace at the Vatican.

IT has been the fashion of late years to sneer at all who have attributed any evil doings or dangerous designs to the Society of Jesus. But Mr. Whalley himself could not have had a greater horror of the principles which animate the soldiers of Loyola, than was expressed in the most trenchant style by their co-religionist, Pascal. And the Provincial letters, although they have always charmed every impartial reader, and have never been refuted, could not save the Gallican Church; which form of religion, once so vigorous, has long ago ceased to exist, unless it may be said to survive in the little flock of M. Loyson. As to its producing another Pascal, that is impossible.

The Society of Jesus, then, is a legitimate subject of alarm, especially to all moderate Papists. Over and over again, this ever-decreasing and impotent section of the Romish Church, has hoped that the election of a reasonable successor to S. Peter had given to it and to the world a cessation of

intrigue, and a chance of religious peace. But over and over again, the Black Pope, whose name few people know, and whose election is scarcely noticed, makes it clear that he is the Mayor of the Palace at the Vatican, that is, its real Master. Who the Master of the Black Pope may be, is a grave question. His purpose, however, is clear enough. By fair means or by foul he proposes to dominate over every Empire, over every Kingdom, over every Republic, over every city, over every town, over every village, over every palace, over every counting-house, over every cottage, over every soul, over every mind, over every body. A Society which has, and professes to have this object, which pursues it unflinchingly, from generation to generation, using unscrupulously those means which Pascal gibbeted, but which even he was unable to strangle, can hardly be said to deserve the sacred name of Jesus, which it has attempted to appropriate.

But if the Society be not of Christ, to whom does it belong? Whose interests does it serve? It may be not easy to offer any satisfactory reply to these enquiries; but they cannot be accused of

folly, who keep a watchful eye on him who has introduced so much Romanism into the Church of England, that is, on the MAYOR OF THE PALACE AT THE VATICAN.*

Camels and Gnats.


SWALLOW a camel ! yet strain out † a gnat !

We foolish mortals often have done that ;
 Talk spreads a scandal, horrible, absurd,
 Men ask no proof, but credit every word.
 Talk hints that " little men " haunt Sandwell Park,
 So Bromwich roughs won't stay there after dark.
 Talk whispers, " Glamis has ghosts, and secret doors,"
 So some who dine, won't sleep at Lord Strathmore's ;
 Yet if such read their Bibles, one can see
 Grave doubt is asking, " How can these things be ? "

* This subject is more fully treated in Anwyl. A Tale of the Unnatural Rebellion, and the Great War. By R. W. ESSINGTON.

† *Out*, not at, is the right translation.

Don Dínero of Quevedo Modernised.

 NOBLE born and bred was Guy,
But not an heir,
And so he must not look as high
As Lady Clare ;
And Lady Clare, she looked no higher
Than Money Esquire.

A statesman for his county stood,
And stood to win,
But the best deeds are not as good
As brass and tin ;
So he who sat for Hardcashire,
Was Money Esquire.

Next, after nuptials, aping Rome,
The millionaire
With two grey mares was driven home ;
The married pair
Had Guy for groomsman, by desire
Of Money Esquire.

Then off they set, in snow and frost,
 For the grand tour ;
 And paid so well no sights were lost,
 You may be sure ;
 Vesuvius was set on fire
 For Money Esquire.

Again in London. What delight !
 In Clubs and Shops ;
 What drives by day ! What feasts by night !
 Dinners and hops !
 Till Boodles sickened, eating mire
 With Money Esquire.

A Captain, who had saved his corps
 By nerve and skill,
 V.C., and verging on threescore,
 Was Captain still !
 * V. Colonel in superb attire
 Was Money Esquire !

* NOTE.—The following might have been written by a V.C. Captain of a V. Colonel.

Carbonis venditori legionis tribuno.
 Sis rude donatus, tua nullâ prælia cretâ,
 Sed carbone suo rite notanda forent.

To a Coal Dealer, a Colonel of Volunteers.
 Get your discharge ; for if you fight, good fortune you will lack,
 Your coal will rub the chalk mark out, and stamp the day with black.

The Ivor, and the Ivor's clan

All came to grief,

And every gentle-hearted man

Felt for the chief ;

But in his kilt o'er Ivorshire

Stalked Money Esquire.

There stands a venerable pile,

Where England's best

In chapel, transepts, nave, and aisle,

Are laid to rest ;

There a brass tablet in the Choir

Lauds Money Esquire.

A hatchment hung above the door

At Bullion Park ;

And twenty millions, less or more,

His probate's mark ;

What else could any one desire ?

Great Money Esquire !

But now at Bullion Park, there reigned

His infant heir ;

With Guy, who, in a year, had gained

His Lady Clare,

And gossips whispered round the fire,

Poor Money Esquire ! *

* A rough sketch of these lines appeared in *Over Volcanoes*.

Allhallows at Abillion.

“WE meet to-morrow, then ;” ’twas thus I cried
To one whose friendship is my proudest
boast.

“’Tis Hallowe’en,” he laughingly replied,
“And so I may not be your guest, or host ;
For I must hurry to a Palace table,
My whinnying Aineh calls me to her stable.”

Answering my stare, he said, “I don’t allude
To Tsarkoe Selo, or to Buckingham ;
For I have dared, in disquisitions rude,
To call a right ’divine a solemn sham.
But there’s a Court which loves a loyal man,
Although his heart may be Republican.

“So, if you choose, together we will seek
The hall, where Arthur feasts at Hallowe’en ;
One caution only, think before you speak,
A foolish word might mar the festive scene.”
My answer was, “I thank you, and am ready.”
He felt my pulse, and found it slow and steady.

Then, through the moonlit eve, for many a mile,
O’er Cornish hills on thymy turf we rode,

He pouring forth bright fancies all the while,
The pithy sonnet, or luxuriant ode,
Until we came to where a sloping wood
Fringed a smooth mere, and there a Castle stood.

Down on gigantic oaks grim turrets frowned,
Casting long shadows o'er the reedy sea ;
And from within there rose a joyous sound
Of various, yet united harmony.
The court-yard would have held a million,
Dwarfed is Escorial by Avillion.

And now we entered, where an open door
Admitted guests to Tolcaru's royal hall ;
Of snow-white marble was the spacious floor,
And banners hung suspended from the wall ;
The Knights sat round their table in a ring—
Yet none could fail to recognize the King.

For his, the type of all a face should be,
Firm, and yet gentle, not morose, but grave ;
That face which Blistra's maidens deem they see
When fancy, gazing on the Fistral's wave,
Recalls the monarch of their bosom's throne,
And absence lends him graces not his own.

The guests were mingled—here a thoughtful girl
Talked to her fairest day-dream, Redclyffe's heir ;

And on her head was many a precious pearl
Twined round a flower, which none but she should
wear.

A golden pansy, and beneath it these
Words writ in rubies, "Arthur to Heartsease."

Beside her one, upon whose furrowed heart
The angels sowed their seed at dead of night,
From which there sprang her own true counterpart,
Unselfish Ninian, duty's loyal knight :
And Arnold, Morris, Tennyson, sat near
Longfellow, Lytton, Swinburne, Moule, and Vere.

Some too were there, who, now unseen by men,
Still live, as Arthur lives, annulling time ;
These build no poems now with laboring pen,
But clothe in form at will each thought sublime.
'Tis vain to tell their names, or works, the best
Unknown would be, and known so well the rest.

These are the men whose words have reached the
heart,

And in some little crevice struck a root ;
From whence the goodly trees of Eden start,
Kind words their blossom, noble deeds their fruit.

The world will one day know how great have been
The lives, which sprung from Newcome's* death-bed
scene.

Nor were the soldiers absent; foremost he

Who at the Alma, with his Scottish kin
Wrung from a brief repulse a victory;

And when the Guards were rent and wavering,
And madness cursing, shouted, "Halt! and Form!"—
Turned a deaf ear, and led them through the storm.

Near him were they, who, in the next campaign

Will prove their right to seats in Arthur's hall;
Will wear Victoria's Cross, and living, gain

A peerage, or the Abbey, if they fall.
Drake, Bradburne, Peyton, Kent, and he, who wrote
That life† which was his pattern while afloat.

"One toast to-night," said Arthur, "only one,

For joyous hours fly fast, and day is nigh;
Then, ere the fading stars confess the sun

Sole autocratic ruler in the sky,
Upstand ye all, and let each brimming glass
Blush to its lips with rosy hippocrass.

* The Newcomes, by Thackeray.

† The life of Admiral of the Fleet, Sir W. Parker, Bart., G. C. B.
By Rear-Admiral A. Phillimore.

“I drink to Her, the fairest of the fair—

I drink to her, the bravest of the brave—
Who walked unfaltering through the tainted air,
To snatch the stricken soldier from the grave;
And when he died, with woman's soft control
Stilled the wild throbbings of the parting soul.

“I drink to her—and may her angel face
Rise like a rainbow on each future war;
I drink to her, in whom I love to trace
The features of King Edward's Eleanor;
And may the din of battle never fail
To wake some soothing, saintly, Nightingale!”

The shouts, the cheers arose, again, again,
Until Tintagel rattled with the sounds,
Which, echoed back by hinds and serving men,
Awoke the baying of the kennelled hounds;
Then Arthur raised his hand; and 'twas as though
Four rattling wheels had passed from stones to snow.

Once more he spoke, and this the final word,
Before the feast of Hallowe'en was o'er;
And, like true music, on the mountains heard,
His silvery voice, from rafters to the floor,
Pervaded all, yet seemed to be the speech
Of one soft lover's whisper unto each.

“ Brave knights,” said he, “ and ye, my gentle dames,
Farewell, until another year has flown ;
Meantime, will Arthur keep your honoured names
Writ in his book, and love you as his own ;
And much ’twould grieve him, if in future he
Should miss one comrade from this company.

Yet if ye would retain your monarch’s love,
True to his covenant ye must abide ;
And wise as serpents, harmless as the dove,
Turn a deaf ear to malice and to pride ;
Do unto all as ye would have them do,
And though the world be fair and false, be true.”

With that he frankly grasped the hand of each,
With kingly smiles, and cordial Cornish grips ;
For some he had a little parting speech,
For some a chaste salute upon the lips.
At last he said “ Good-night ! ” and bowed his head ;
We all departed, and I was—in bed.

NOTE.—This appeared in 1856 as a Satire, by Compton Bassett.
It has been altered and curtailed. Other pieces contained in
this volume have been treated in a similar way.

A River in the South.

I SAW an Alpine rivulet careering
From rock to rock along its downward track,
When, mindful of the dangers it was nearing,
I whispered, "Back,

Back, streamlet, to thy mother, yon grey mountain;
Though glaciers fill the hollows of her breast,
Her freezing kiss alone can give a fountain
Safety and rest."

The river murmured, "False and empty warning;
For though my youth was cradled in the snow,
I sprung from dew-drops in the starry morning,
And thither go."

Again I said, "But why this march incessant,
Which will not stay to dally with the flowers?
'Twere well to learn how pure, and yet how pleasant,
Are bridal hours.

Lo! where the trailing tresses of a willow
Are tremulous with love she dreads to own;
Lie down in peace upon her yielding pillow—
'Twill prove a throne."

To which the brook : " A primrose for a minute
 Dimpled my cheek with her caressing hand ;
I leaped the bank, no primrose there was in it,
 But weeds and sand.

And thus I learnt, that 'tis a lying vision
 Which paints the beauties of the treacherous shore,
A loving heart, embittered by derision,
 Thus loves no more."

My answer was : "'Tis wise to shrink from wooing
 When frailness bends, earthrooted, yet above :
That primrose lured thee to her own undoing,
 Buried in love.

But purest loveliness art thou rejecting,
 Whose rays descend, and yet are throned on high ;
Methinks 'twere joy indeed to sleep, reflecting
 The stars and sky."

The river sighed, " One night the moon delayed me,
 Till on my breast her beams were multiplied.
Uprose my very depths, yet she betrayed me—
 A maddening bride ;

For soon there came an eddying, turbid feeling,
 And from my destined path a torrent broke,
Till through the thorny hedgerows wildly reeling,
 At length I woke,

To know that safety is the twin of duty ;
And that the wayworn pilgrims of a night
May only rest where self-existent beauty
Sheds solar light."

"And yet," I said, "'twere wise to cease from flowing
Which leads thee onward to a deadly leap,
A dark abyss, for thou art blindly going
Down to the deep."

"No!" moaned the river ; "though I hear that ocean,
And see afar its angry billows foam,
It only breeds in me a fond emotion—
A thirst for home.

My home, not on the hills nor sea, but yonder,
Where joy untiring hushes weary care ;
There, up the sunbuilt arches, I shall wander,
Lighter than air,

Until I join those crystal waves, which sever
Earth from the Rock of Ages and the throne,
There murmuring waters rest in peace for ever,
And there alone."



Differences.

FOR some a pleasant thing is life—
A mother with her boy,
A lover with his future wife,
A baby with a toy.

But what a change, if, lingering on,
We search beneath the ice
For summer roses, which are gone,
And never blossom twice.

'Tis well to live, when welcome praise,
Rewarding work well done,
Gives promise that in after days
More glory will be won.

'Tis well to die, when every friend
Betrays deserved disdain,
For, though we must await our end,
Hard is the lot of Cain.

But best of all, to wake and know
That death has lost its sting ;
And that from winding sheets of snow
The living waters spring.

The Tyranny of a Tooth.

SOME years ago, I became acquainted with a pale and lean youth who had left a master, to whom he ought to have been eternally grateful, because he was not allowed to eat meat more than three times a day. If this voracious groom, who had starved in his boyhood, could have been persuaded to fast during Lent, after the carnal fashion of John's disciples, he might, or might not, have prolonged his life. As it was, he died before he rose to the head of his profession—that is, before he became a coachman.

But, horrible as this craving after meat was in his case, it differs in degree only, and not in principle, from a craving after it at any time. For if we reflect, it is obvious, that, as often as we treat ourselves to this sort of food, we are accessory, after the fact, to the murder of a creature as wonderfully constructed as we ourselves are, and which, having no cares, was enjoying its life still more heartily than any one except a Chief Butler can hope to do. And our remorse ought to be increased by the

thought that, after the poor animal had been consigned to that grave, where the gastric juice acts the part of quick-lime, there was no hope of a resurrection. For my part, I feel this so strongly, and am so conscience-stricken by the last faint shrieks of my annual pig, that I should be glad to become a Vegetarian.

But the butchering of beasts in the shambles, and of birds in battues, seems as much a necessity of this wicked world as the slaughter of men in wars. For we carry about with us that product of the primæval curse, the canine tooth; the cutting of which, according to the Talmud, gave to our father Adam his first sensation of physical pain. And this Tooth is a feature in the human frame with which we must not venture to trifle. Indeed, I have been told by one who was for many years a surgeon in New Zealand, and who is now a clergyman, that the Maories, having no Fauna before Cook's pigs multiplied, became cannibals as a matter of course. If this was so, it may be quoted as the most extreme case of the tyranny of a Tooth hitherto brought to light.

Amongst us there are some teetotal Vegetarians, but the tribe is small; and, as in the case of

abstainers from wine and beer, the pendulum swings violently the other way in the next generation. However, the number of those who feel that they ought to avoid flesh meat during Lent is considerable, and some, no doubt, act up to their convictions. Still the cravings of the tyrant Tooth cannot be disregarded with impunity, even for a time. This is proved by the number of dispensations claimed and granted; and these would have to be far more numerous, if it were not for the distinction which is drawn between fish and flesh. But this spiritual superiority of fish rests on no better grounds than were once proposed to me by a Romish priest, namely, that St. John eat locusts, that is, to say, it rests on none.

And after all, it is a question whether this carnal style of fasting, involving, as it does, a temporary rebellion against natural instincts which cannot be pronounced wicked, is a religious duty. At all events, it is certain that our Lord's disciples did not fast in this way, and it is equally clear that He justified this departure from a custom which the disciples of John rigidly observed. We are told, however, that this teaching was only temporary, being qualified by the state-

ment that they would fast, when He was no longer with them. From which it is argued that abstinence from flesh meat at seasons devoted to fasting, although no duty while He was visible to the eye, has become a duty now.

There are, however, grave difficulties to be overcome before this difference between our times and those of the Apostles can be admitted to exist. For, can we venture to say, that He, who promised to be with His people until the end of the world, is not with us now? We hear, indeed, of those who confine the real presence of the Omnipresent to certain places, and certain moments, when certain sacred words have been repeated. But these Doctors of the Law have not as yet ventured to insist upon our accepting the doctrine of His real absence at other times, and in other places. Nor is this all that has to be said: for if we must thus fast now, it is, *ex-hypothesi*, because we are spiritually in a worse position than the disciples were when our Master and theirs lived on earth. But how can this be? Then the fight for life and death was going on, and Satan did not regard his position as hopeless. Now the victory is gained, and Satan has fallen like lightning from

his vantage ground. Then Peter and Thomas stumbled, and Iscariot fell, walking by sight. Now the most ignorant, walking by faith, is safe.

There must be then, as, indeed, there are, two modes of fasting—the carnal, that is, the Jewish, and the spiritual, that is, the Christian fashion, both kinds having been practised when Christ sojourned on earth, and both kinds being practised now. There is the fasting which rends the garments—that fasting for strife, which prompts people to wear semi-black dresses during Lent, and to cast very black looks on those who still continue to appear in their winter gowns. This is the sort of fasting which sends ten miles on Ash Wednesday for salmon when it is 3s. 6d. a pound, and which spends the intervals between the services in explaining to the man cook how it is to be served up. This is the fasting which would not, on any account, touch a rasher of bacon value twopence, but which, without any scruple, devours six eggs at threepence a piece. This is the fasting which walks up the aisle with much parade on a Friday in Lent, and which, with equal parade, walks down it again in a few minutes, because the Church is not sufficiently

comfortable. This is the fasting which worries the subject of it in a hundred petty ways, and which worries those with whom the subject of it consorts, in a thousand ways, still more petty.

That this style of fasting should exist in these days of enlightenment, when all hypocrisy is so promptly exposed, seems strange; but it does exist. It is practised by those who have substituted lying legends of so-called Saints, for the inspired Word of God; and for the worship of the Saviour, the worship of her, to whom, although she was His mother—according to the flesh—that Saviour said, “Woman, or Lady, what have I to do with thee?” and “wist ye not that I must be about My Father’s business?” For such persons, and for those who ignorantly ape their Judaizing proclivities in postures and practices, this sort of fasting is appropriate, no doubt.

But, when these self-righteous people presume, as they do, to find fault with those who understand what Spiritual and Christian fasting really is, when they rebuke those who never think about what they eat, and who habitually leave off with an appetite, and a thanksgiving, when they revile those who give their bread to the hungry, who visit the fatherless

and widows in their afflictions, and keep themselves unspotted from the world, these accusers, if they listened to the voice of conscience, would hear it say, "What have these Christians to do with your carnal and Judaical observances? How can the children of the Bridechamber fast, when the Bridegroom is with them?"

Cooing and Kootooing.

NOT meek as doves are Party Men, still if you will Kootoo,
And puff their Shibboleths, they will coo too; and puff up you.



The Pass of Betomestham.

I.



'ER Esdraelon an Assyrian host,
Like hail with lightning mingled, onwards swept ;
While from Ekrebel's waters to the coast

The crackling flames from rifled homesteads leaped.
And can Bethulia's hill that torrent stem ?
Was the wild cry which stirred Jerusalem.

II.

A priestly chieftain, answering to the call,
Lined with his tribes the Betomestham pass,
And Holofernes, glaring on that wall
Of loyal hearts, more firm than triple brass,
Cursed those presumptuous serfs, who dared to stay
His mounted archers, bounding on their prey.

III.

And death had been their portion, soon or late,
As of the Spartans with Leonidas ;
Or, worse than death, the ignominious fate
Which bowed the Consuls at the Caudine pass ;
Had not a woman rung a warrior's knell,
And perilled all for God and Israel.

IV.

Thus ran her crafty tale : " My country's might
Springs from obedience to her Lord's command ;
And that withdrawn, though man may bravely fight,
The rock-hewn keep will crumble into sand ;
And we have sinned, and He is wroth, while thou,
My Holofernes, hast a godlike brow."

V.

A soldier, grey with caution or with time,
Would soon have pierced the woman's silken plot ;
But he was young : and in the sunny clime
Of bronzed Assyria, youthful blood is hot ;
And so he laughed, and fell an easy prize
To Judith's dark, unfathomable eyes.

VI.

Hence all unchallenged, or by day or night,
She with her maiden wandered at her will,
Now rapt in prayer upon some lonely height,
Now gathering strength from her Bethulian rill,
To set by one dread deed her people free,
And crown her head with fame, and misery.

VII.

So three days passed ; and on the fourth she went
(For such the boon preferred in turn to her)

To grace a banquet in the chieftain's tent,
Where, if her heart was in the sepulchre,
Her soft eye-service feigned itself the slave
Of each imperious mandate which he gave.

VIII.

The feast was ended, ere the darkness came,
For Holofernes brooked not more delay ;
And then Bagoas, minister of shame,
Closing the tent, turned mournfully away ;
He knew not whence a sombre shadow fell :
But 'twas the raven wing of Azrael.

IX.

Upon his couch the drunken lover lay :
And she beside him stood, they twain alone,
Save where a wraith of thin transparent spray
Echoed each amorous breath with piteous moan.
A shivering horror chilling pleasure's bed ;
"Forgive me, dear Manasses," Judith said.

X.

And yet it was not he. Manasses slept
Safe with his buried sires by Balamo ;
And if at that dread hour, his spirit wept,
Or laughed triumphant, none will ever know,

Until the banner of Immanuel waves
O'er Armageddon, and its open graves.

XI.

Then Judith saw that 'twas the headless ghost
Of Holofernes, lying by its side ;
That night the leader of a mighty host,
To-morrow—and he knew it not, but cried,
“ Your night winds blow as cold in Palestine
As from the Taurus ; yet there's warmth in wine ! ”

XII.

He took the cup, and bade her drink ; she drank
With glozing words which veiled a flashing eye,
He drained the bowl : then down once more he sank.
And Judith knew her fatal hour was nigh ;
And, feeling that she needed heavenly aid,
Upon her couch of furs stood up and prayed.

XIII.

“ Lord of all might, and fount of boundless grace,
From whom Thy people sprung, in whom they live ;
Hear Thou from heaven, Thy glorious dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, answer and forgive.
Remember Abraham's seed and David's stem,
The Hill of Hermon and Jerusalem.

XIV.

The future fate of Thine inheritance
Hangs in the scales ; and shall this slave of lust,
Unchallenged, over Palestine advance,
To lay Thy glorious temple in the dust ?
Yet, if Ozias yields Bethulia's wall,
That bolt which stunned Achior's ears will fall."

XV.

She ceased : and from its sheath his falchion drew,
With keener eye surveying its keen edge.
Alas, for Holofernes ! He will rue
The day he smote Jehovah's heritage.
And yet, she said, " I would 'twere in the fray ;
For thus my husband, dear Manasses, lay."

XVI.

Yes, thus he lay in that unhappy hour
When death's grim reaper tracked him through the
corn,
And by Euphrates, in some lonely tower.
Another Judith, widowed and forlorn,
May weep for thee.—I will not strike the blow,
Nor deal the desolation which I know."

XVII.

And thus she might have spared him for the sake
Of her deep grief, the widowed bosom's lord ;
For they who know how broken hearts can ache,
Are loath to sever that electric cord,
Which, from within miraculously spun,
Around two spirits, blends them into one.

XVIII.

But Holofernes whispered in his sleep,
“Come, Judith, on my bosom lay thine head ;
And if another should upbraid or weep,
Though she were twice my wife, I'd strike her
dead.
Come, yielding maid of stubborn Israel.”—
'Twas the death warrant of the Infidel.

XIX.

For, twining her slim fingers in his hair,
She seized his falchion with the other hand.
Twice gleamed the steel, descending through the air,
And twice she muttered, “'Tis the Lord's command.”
The last stroke left a corpse upon the bed,
And in her hand a staring, lifeless head.

XX.

Thus went she forth ; triumphant, yet how pale,

To meet her maiden, who was lingering near :

And to the hurried question, " Did you fail ? "

She answered, " God be thanked, his head is
here."

They eyed the features shuddering, for they saw

Lust graven still upon the sunken jaw.

XXI.

Then hurried onwards ; none enquiring why,

At that unseemly hour, they were afoot :

For prurient scandal is afraid to pry

Where swords are sharp, and will is absolute.

And soon they reached the outposts of the town,

Felt they were safe, and sank exhausted down.

XXII.

Her trophy told her triumph ; and around

Their country's heroine the elders came,

Yet dreaded lest her emprise had been crowned

With glory, dearly purchased by her shame :

While many a maiden shrank away in fear,

Lest her strange tale might shock a modest ear.

XXIII.

She marked their feelings, and her tears awhile,
Like Marah, flowed from rocks of bitterness ;
But soon, beneath the dayspring of a smile,
The Manna glistened on her wilderness.
And thus she spake : “ The prize was dearly won,
Yet no dishonour to my heart was done.

XXIV.

’Twas dearly won : for I have ever shrunk
From treading on a worm ; and thus to smite
Jehovah’s image, though debased and sunk,
And launch a soul to meet the Infinite,
Straight from the revel and the baulked desire—
That was a deed to set the brain on fire.

XXV.

Yet, lest polluting thoughts should taint my
name,
Let Israel know the spoiler touched me not ;
And though all earthly glory I disclaim,
I will not bear a humbled woman’s blot,
So tell the world Merari’s child was true
To God, her country, and her honour too.”

XXVI.

Then with one voice the gratulation rose,
“Glory to Judith, and to Him the praise,
Who leads His people through the midst of foes,
As erst from Egypt in the bondage days;
The snare is broken, and the bird will fly,
Jehovah’s eagle, smiting hip and thigh.”

XXVII.

Thus shouting for the battle, from their keep
The mountaineers swept down with sword and
lance;
And soon Assyria, starting from her sleep,
Flung back this yell of vengeful arrogance:—
“Come, caitiff victims of despair and thirst;
’Tis madness nerves you to endure the worst.”

XXVIII.

In sooth, they joyed to mark their foes descend
From vantage ground, to meet them on the plain;
And deemed, that peace and plenty soon would end
The glorious labours of their brief campaign;
And if they felt regret, it was to see
Scarce foes enough to grace a victory.

XXIX.

But wherefore slept their chieftain ? Of the fray
• He loved to boast a vulture's eager scent,
Now he, who had been ever foremost, lay
The only sluggard in his armament.
At length the shouts of onslaught came so near,
His captains whispered, "Even the dead might
hear."

XXX.

Yet still he came not forth. Again they said,
"His chamberlain must wake him, or we die :
For armies are but crowds, which, if the head
Is absent, or a coward, straightway fly."
Bagoas answered, "Evil is their fate
Who cross the lion toying with his mate."

XXXI.

And yet they cried, "awake him, or a chain,
Not forged by love, will bind him to a bed,
Where they who long for beauty must be fain
To lie with dust, and creeping things instead :
There is a time for all things : yesternight—
'Twas amorous dalliance ; but to-day—the fight."

XXXII.

Then knocked Bagoas at his master's tent :

The answer—stillness—stillness of the dead.

He entered ; started back with garments rent,

And hair dishevelled, bristling on his head.

His comrades gathered round him, while a shriek

Told a disaster which he could not speak.

XXXIII.

For there the chieftain lay, a headless mass !

And she who supped with him on yesternight ?

One marked her leave the lines ; another pass

Beyond the fountain. All was clear as light.

The Jewish traitress had in safety fled,

Leaving victorious Holofernes dead.

XXXIV.

Again arose the Hebrews' battle cry,

And faint were now the answering shouts which
came ;

For craven crowds, impetuous when they fly,

Roll braver comrades down the floods of shame ;

So wolves, which left Assyria's plains to sweep

O'er prostrate Asia, fled like flocks of sheep.

XXXV.

Bethulia, Betomestham and Chobai,

Like eagles, scenting carrion, dogged their track,
And soon the shouts, "Zebaoth Adonai,"

From Zion's slingers drove them headlong back ;
While they, who seaward fled, reeled madly on
The Galaad swords, and spears from Lebanon.

XXXVI.

They knew not where to turn ; for every mile

Teemed with fresh foes, who, smiting rear and
van,

With strength like his who rued Dalilah's guile,

Mangled Assyria's maimed Leviathan,
Until it reached, dismembered and disgraced,
The refuge city on the sandy waste.

XXXVII.

But now the hosts of Israel homeward went,

To celebrate the feast for their release ;
And graced with spoils from Holofernes' tent,

Brave Judith led the anthem of the peace.
And while the spirit rested on her tongue,
'Twas thus the daughter of Merari sung—

“The Lord of Hosts is Israel’s King ;
Let cymbals clash and timbrels ring
 A new and glorious strain.
Exalt and magnify His name,
Who put the mighty foe to shame,
 And gave us peace again.

Out from the mountains of the North,
Victorious Assur issued forth ;
 His horsemen, sweeping by,
Rolled cloudlike o’er a thousand hills,
His spearmen stopped perennial rills,
 And drank their waters dry.

He came to slaughter son and sire,
To waste the land with sword and fire,
 The maidens take for spoil,
And dash the infants on the ground :
But feeble widowhood was found
 His arrogance to foil.

For not the giant Anakim,
Nor mighty Titans humbled him—
 The victor in his pride ;
But grasping at a rose forlorn,
’Twas guarded by its hidden thorn,
 Which pierced him, and he died.

Her widow’s weeds she cast away
For linen robes and colours gay,
 The chosen race to save.

And with her tire upon her head
She entered—and the drunkard's bed
Became his bloody grave.

The Persian trembled at her might,
The Median horseman turned to flight,
When Judah's shout arose ;
And bitter death was in their cry,
When hemmed around they could not fly,
And dared not face their foes.

Then to the victor anthems raise,
And let His creatures hymn the praise
Of all creation's God ;
Whose Spirit speaks—and we are made.
Speaks once again—and we are laid
Dead underneath the sod.

Nor men alone obey His voice ;
For when He smiles the hills rejoice,
And tremble at His frown.
At His command the whirlwinds blow,
And peaks of everlasting snow
Pour fiery torrents down.

To Him the sacrifice is naught,
Although with sweetest incense fraught ;
Such gifts we vainly bring.
For they who love the Lord will find
The broken heart, and humble mind,
Their richest offering.

Then woe to them who dare withstand
His people, and His chosen land :
God's Judgments will not sleep ;
But tortured by the worm within,
The fire shall burn them, while their sin
Whelms hope beneath the deep."

XXXIX.

Such joy as finds expression in a tear
Swelled in the people's heart, when thus the song
Was ended ; and they heard, or seemed to hear
Its echoes by the angels borne along.
But when it ceased, each, bending head and knee,
Thanked God for Judith, and for victory.

XL.

And so, as year by year the day came round,
When Holofernes and Assyria fell,
She, like the wife of Lapidoth, was crowned
The nursing mother of her Israel.
And all confessed such beauty might have spun
The webs of folly round Bathsheba's son.

XLI.

Then soon from many a tribe the good and brave
Went forth to woo Bethulia's heroine.
But still to all the same reply she gave :

“I must not wed thee—for to wed were sin—
Since to my own, my only counterpart,
In change for his I gave my virgin heart.

XLII.

And though by all the world, excepting me,
He lies forgotten and accounted dead;
My husband's seat is where it used to be,
And on his pillow throbs my widowed head.
And when the wind blows warm from Cola's peak,
I feel his first fond kiss upon my cheek.

XLIII.

The hills are his whereon my cattle range;
His sunny vales are joyous with my corn;
The seasons change, but I can never change;
For his bright smile comes back with every morn:
And in the rays of sunset I can see
The parting glance Manasses gave to me.

XLIV.

E'en now he stands upon that happy shore,
Where round the tree of life the waters foam;
And there the path whereon he trod before,
Lit by his smiles, invites me to my home.
And till he comes, my lonely heart is wed
To tender recollections, and the dead.”

XLV.

At such an answer, earthly love was dumb :
And Judith, rich in memory and fame,
Would oftentimes sigh, "Dear husband, I will come
Soon as thy lips have syllabled my name,
Although between my longing heart and thee,
Dark mountains frown upon a moaning sea."

XLVI.

And yet for her 'twas many a weary year,
Before the bridegroom called her to his breast ;
For they are kept in closest prison here,
Who long the most to go, and be at rest.
At length a nobler anthem than her own
Brave Judith hymned, and hymned it not alone.



A Robin Astray.



CAPTIVE ROBIN at the window flies,

And, where the morning entered, fain would
pass ;

Nor learns, until with battered wings he dies,

To doubt that cold, transparent, mocking glass,

Which shows him all he longs for—hills and trees,

And yonder cypress, shadowing his nest,

But hurls him back each time he springs to seize

Those beckoning joys, which will not let him rest—

Yet would the lost one only turn, and dare

That narrow path, that open door to try,

'Twould safely lead him to the free fresh air ;

But there, he will not turn, and so must die.

We deem him senseless—we ! who eye the spot,

Where love and peace invite the lost to dwell ;

But through the church's portal passing not,

Vex our bruised hearts at some closed oriel—

More senseless thus than the imprison'd bird ;

For Robin blindly strove with fate ; but we

The warning voice, the loving call have heard,

And know the way to life and liberty.

Clever for a Gentleman.

SOME years ago, an ingenious artisan was discussing in my presence the character of a certain Mr. Ruby, who, being in the commission of the peace, had just pronounced a judicial sentence unusually foolish, even for him. After some other remarks which were not flattering, the intelligent mechanic said, "But, sir, Mr. Ruby is very clever." I did not dissent from this opinion; for when I am unable to praise anyone I hold my tongue. But I did not assent; and, after a pause, my friend added, "Of course, sir, I only mean that he is clever—for a gentleman!"

At the time I hardly understood the meaning of this qualified commendation, but subsequently the solution flashed upon me; for I reflected that, although the worthy Squire was apt to be a Justice Shallow when sitting on the bench of Magistrates, he could do better work at a carpenter's bench than any gentleman in the neighbourhood, none of whom, in fact, could have made a livelihood by handiwork.

Armed with this anecdote, I was not one of those who joined the Temporizer in laughing at a certain Right Honourable Statesman for asserting, that, on leaving Oxford, he carried away with him nothing which gave him an assurance of obtaining a decent maintenance. For, although the brilliant career of this eminently successful man seemed to refute his disparaging remark in reference to himself, it was nevertheless true. Something more than bread and cheese he had, no doubt, achieved—but fortune had befriended him. For discriminating patrons, like the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the Pope of Printing House Square, infallible possibly, but certainly not immutable, do not fall to the lot of everybody. These had enabled the keen logician, who is also a sparkling epigrammatist, to find a field for that intellectual work which he was so well able to do. But how many men, who started in life's race with prospects far more promising than those of Robert Lowe, have been fagging out all their days without perceiving, at present, the slightest prospect of securing an innings. And have not some of these felt that their education was neglected, and in a very

material point? Have they not even been brought to envy the bricklayer, or his hodman, the possession of that paid employment which constitutes happiness? If, therefore, we are wiser than the Jews and the nations of the East in some respects, we are, perhaps, behind them in others. For we pride ourselves upon having resolved to imprison all those parents who, being poor, allow their children to neglect the R. R. R., while we are absolutely indifferent upon the subject of proficiency in hand work; although, it is obvious that such accomplishments as ploughing, reaping, sheep-shearing, and brick-laying will earn bread anywhere, and at any time, which cannot be said of the R. R. R.

One great Scholar, at all events, is exempt from the reproach of under-rating handiwork, namely, Mr. Thring, the celebrated Headmaster of Uppingham. Among the numerous debts which England owes to this born king of boys, the introduction of a workshop into the stock-in-trade of his School is by no means the least important.

For an intelligent youth, under a competent instructor, and provided with a proper supply of

tools, will soon master a handicraft, and when he knows how to use his arms and his fingers, he need not fear that starvation will come upon him, if he is willing to work; moreover, many a man would never have had the chance of using his brains to good purpose, if he had not first shown that he could do bodily work well.

Has the Attorney, the Barrister, the Scholar, or the Clerk, this assurance of a modest competence any day? To put this question in reference to an Author would be cruel. How many a man of that class would be made happy if it could be said of him, as of Mr. Ruby, that he was—**CLEVER FOR A GENTLEMAN.**



The Emigrants' Hymn.

LORD ! be with us pilgrims, grieving
For the homes which we are leaving ;
Guide our footsteps weak and weary,
For the sea looks dark and dreary.

We have loved the land which bore us ;
Loved it most, when from before us
It was fading ;—never other
Country can to us be mother.

Teach us then to forfeit never
That dear Home abiding ever ;
Where the meek are in thy keeping,
And the mourners cease from weeping.

Lead us now, by Thee defended,
Heavenward ; for when life is ended,
We with longings may be burning,
But there can be no returning.



Old Catholics.

THE new Huguenots of France, or old Catholics, as they choose to call themselves, are engaged in an attempt which is probably hopeless. For the immoral, ignorant, and ignoble despotism of Rome, like that of Louis XV. is, in these days, more likely to lead to a disastrous Revolution than to a very moderate reform. But they have the sympathy of every Anglican who values the strong position which our Church now holds, and who knows, that we owe everything to the brave efforts of forefathers against whom much more can be said than against the eloquent M. Loyson. In one sense, of course, he is a schismatic; but then, so were we, and so are we, unless the steps which necessarily led to our severance from the visible Head and Centre of Christian Unity, were justified by a vital Apostacy on the part of that stately and imposing Institution, which, during so many years, was acknowledged to be

“En Christo gaion omphalos hemeteron.”

As for the real Old Catholics, the nobles and gentlemen of Lancashire and Worcestershire, who, in

spite of persecutions at one time, and civil disabilities at another, clung, and still cling to the faith of their ancient houses, their constancy commands admiration. Some light, however, was thrown upon this point incidentally by a Piedmontese nobleman. He had been inveighing against the Pope and the Priests with a vehemence of vituperation which would have satisfied the *Record*. On which I said, "Then you, too, are Protestant." "A Protestant!" he replied, "No; per Bacco! Do you think I would desert the religion of my mother. That is a point of honour with us all." It is scarcely necessary to add that he did not mean his Mother Church—for her he cared nothing. Indeed, the nature of his oath led me to think that he would have made the same answer if the immoral Paganism, which, under the name of Catholicism, reigned at the infallible and immutable Vatican in the time of the Borgias, had thrown off its mask. Perhaps this could not be said of the English Romanists of the old school, but between them and the born Sectarians who have drifted into their camp lately, and who are still drifting in, there cannot be much sympathy.

The Life of Christ.



LIFE of Christ ! 'tis inspiration's theme ;
Compiled without that guidance, 'tis a dream ;
A nightmare one, another happier born
Of Church bells, ringing in a Christmas morn,
But all alike creations of the earth,
Dreams uninspired, and so of little worth.

Who shall attempt to analyze a brain
Intensely human ; conscious, too, of pain
And strong temptation, yet without a stain ?
Or who describe the workings of His will,
Whom Jew and Roman failed alike to kill ;
Until He set His deathless spirit free,
And death, which seemed defeat, was victory ?

But easier this than measuring the height
And depth of Love, incarnate, infinite ;
A love so great, it pardoned an offence
More hateful still than hate—indifference !
Which bore the pain of breathing life's first breath,
And the more bitter pangs of lingering death ;
A death prolonged upon the felon's free,
Until His heartstrings burst with agony :
Bore all for us, though cleaving the dark sky

Bright legions longed to shout His battle cry ;
Eager to draw, as once at Eden's gate,
The flaming sword, and all annihilate.
No ! they must leave Him on the Cross forlorn,
Must wait astounded till the Easter morn ;
And they, much grieving that their loyal aid
Was thus rejected, His commands obeyed.
Who shall describe the royal life of Him
Who thus restrained those fiery Seraphim ?

And harder still the task, if we reflect
That there were stages in His intellect,
That, as the Babe to manhood's stature grew,
His wisdom ripened in proportion due.
A growth in wisdom ! How could increase be
In the One Wisdom of eternity ?
Ancient of days ! and yet a new-born joy !
A perfect God ! and yet a learning boy !
Author of light ! artificer of man !
And yet a poor, a homeless artisan !
Who could construct in fitting sequence this
Immense, ineffable analysis ?

Then, since I know, that while we strive to meet
The risen Lord, His word will guide our feet,
Silent I pause, nor let my mind, perplexed,
With its poor comment, mar the perfect text.

Nor doubt that He, the only.wise, will bless,
A holy awe no language could express ;
For though He pardons, when, with blinded eyes,
His Triple Oneness mortals scrutinise ;
And smiles at disquisitions, which engage
The rapt attention of this prying age,
He loves them best, who know their eyes are dim,
And in their dimness closer cling to Him.



A Lay from the Apocrypha.

I.

THE Paschal moons unnoticed past,
For every year was one long fast,
And from her inland seas,
From Hermon's hill, and Elah's vale,
Went up to God Judæa's wail,
Against Epimanes.*

II.

In vain the Priest of Modin met
With righteous scorn, fair words, and threat;
In vain, with indignation strong
At an autocracy of wrong,
Its myrmidons he slew;
Against a host of lordly foes,
Amidst a people weak with woes,
What could his great heart do?
Still Mattathias sowed the seeds
Of his successor's glorious deeds;
Though to the hills 'twas his to fly,
Or by his Altar stay to die,
When Philip chose the Sabbath day

* Antiochus Epiphanes. Athenæus.

To set his battle in array,
And thus unharmed at will to slay.

III.

For of that little band which fled,
One horseman ofttimes turned his head ;
As if he scarce the shame could bear
Of yieldnig to his sire's despair,
As if he felt that days of rest
By holy deeds are doubly blest—
And that no holier deed could be,
Than striking heavy blows to free
The world from Satan's tyranny.

IV.

And noted by his father's eye,
Was that unflinching mien ;
That look, which seemed aloud to cry
Shame on a shameful scene,
A ragged band in headlong flight,
Although no foe remained in sight,
And peacefully, without a breath,
In the pale moonlight, still as death,
Smiled the lone lake of Chinnereth.

V.

Nor did the lesson of that hour
O'er Mattathias lose its power ;

So, though he loved the other four,
Whom his dead wife at Modin bore,
Joannan, Thassai, Avaran—
And God's last gift, more boy than man,
His mother's darling, Jonathan,
Yet most he loved that gallant son,
 Who taught him then to say :
What though the Sabbath has begun !
If truth and right we champion,
 To struggle is to pray !

VI.

And bravely Judas earned the praise
 His dying sire bestowed ;
Nor did He shrink, in after days,
 From monarchy's hard load.
Which he alone, who bears it, knows,
A people's wants, a people's woes.

VII.

But though on dangerous heights he trod,
 For him the sunbeams shone ;
And, as of old, the grace of God
 Led His brave soldier on.
And oft a heavenly voice would say,
“ With lightnings armed at break of day,

Shall come to dominate the fray,
My bright battalion.

* And comely knights, with horses five,
And bridles all of gold,
Timòtheus from his lines shall drive
To Gazara's stronghold :
And God with thee, shall ever be
Most present when invisibly."

VIII.

Such promises had nerved his soul
When first he wielded the control
O'er Israel's tribal ranks ;
When first he planned the long campaign
From Lebanon, through Bashan's plain,
To Kishon's wooded banks.

+ When "after thee" amid the din,
Cried the front ranks of Benjamin.
And Judas, rising from his knee,
Answered, "Of God is victory;" ‡
Then straightway charged, a proud man he,
Armed with a nation's "after thee."

* 2 Macc. x. 29.

† Judges v 14.

‡ 2 Macc. xiii. 15.

IX.

For always goes a war aright,
When "after thee" leads on the fight;
Such was the battle-cry
Which wrecked the Canaanites, and sent
Doomed Sisera to Jael's tent,
By her soft hand to die.
And shivered sword, and shattered spear,
And the reverberating cheer,
When Judas charged front, flank, and rear,
Showed that the old familiar spell,
Which fired the ranks of Othniel,
Had still the same reply.

X.

Thus bygone triumphs were renewed,
Again was Esdraelon strewed
With Syrians lying dead;
Again along Bethsura's slopes,
Like herds of frightened antelopes,
The mightiest boasters fled;
Again with glorious butchery
The Kishon ran blood-red.
And always in the front of all
The Maccabee pressed on,

Known by his stride, his stature tall,
And holy gonfalon.*
And where the sword, which he had won,
His † Apollonius gleamed,
There, deadly as Apollyon,
Or Azrael, he seemed.

XI.

Yet there were days of doubts and fears
As when the rumour ran,
Hark ! in the hills the charioteers,
'Tis ‡ Gorgias leads the van ;
Hark ! how they rattle down the rocks,
Those grinding iron wheels,
Like the dull boom of earthquake shocks,
Mingling with thunder peals.
Then rose the cry, " We die ! we die !
'Tis time to fly ! 'tis time to fly !"
And nimble were the heels.

XII.

And what did Israel's chieftain, when
The brave had ceased to hope ?

* The motto was from Ex. xv. 11. † 1 Macc. iii. 12.

‡ 1 Macc. iii. and iv.

Such moments try the soul, but then

Arise the true-born Kings of men,

With the dark hour to cope.

So Judas winnowed out each life,

Which aged sire, or child, or wife

Could claim to shelter from the fray,

Then to the rest (how few were they)

He shouted, "Comrades, would ye fly?

Then fly ye shall! Yet will not I!

Yet will not I! Yet will not they!

Who saw how Seron, hot to slay,

Like spent siroccos died away;

Who know the deeds which God can do,

Saving by many, or by few:

Then let the brave abide with me

To share accustomed victory,

But go, ye cravens, where ye will,

Our courage ye would damp;

Lo! yonder, sheltered by the hill,

Is pitched the women's camp;

Go tell them, I shall fight for them,

Their honour, and their lives,

The daughters of Jerusalem,

Ye hope to have for wives;

Tell them, Ye left me when I drew

My sword, and shield and helmet threw

Behind me, and away,
And will ye tempt them to despair ?
No, sure am I, that they
By Mizpah's prayer inspired, will share
My glory here to-day ;
For if ye know it not, they know
The mercies of the Syrian foe,
And mightier than their dread is hate,
As they in fancy contemplate
The captive maiden's hideous fate.

XIII.

And is it not a happy lot,
Since death, although we love him not,
Must meet us by and bye,
To front him frankly in the fray,
And at the close of some proud day
Upon the ground to lie,
Where Judah's bravest sleeping are,
Their faces seamed with many a scar,
And their fixed eyeballs gazing far
Into the midnight sky ;
For they, who in the might of prayer
Graft deathless hope on dead despair,
Live though they seem to die."

XIV.

Then was there one who dared depart
Unheeding that appeal ?
One so degenerate in heart,
So vile as not to feel
An overwhelming zeal to stand
For God, and for the Fatherland ?

XV.

No, none were missed when Judas swept
The Syrians out of sight,
Nor many, when the victors kept
Their feast that summer night ;
And if in camp some women wept,
It was not with affright ;
For they who thus confront the foe,
Have conquered, ere they strike a blow.

XVI.

So onward still that torrent rolled,
An ever-swelling band,
On, as in Joshua's days of old
Over the Holy Land ;
'Twas like the Suph's avenging flood,
Returning to its bed ;
For the wild waters, red with blood,
Foamed o'er the mighty dead.

XVII.

Now Alcimus, now Lysias,
That avalanche would stem ;
But, as when Alpine climbers pass
Too near the perilous crevasse,
So death awaited them.
And more triumphant was the shout,
For more precipitous the rout
When God, in human form revealed,
His crowning mercy gave ;
Leaving Nicanor on a field
So fatal, it refused to yield
His headless corpse a grave.

XVIII.

And now before the Maccabee
Rose the great prize of victory,
Araunah's threshing floor ;
The House of God it used to be,
The House of God no more.
For holy worship had not been
Therein for many a day ;
But rites demoniac, deeds of sin,
From which the sculptured Cherubin
Would fain have turned away :
And holy-worship, that alone

Can consecrate mere wood and stone;
Without it, worthless is the glass
Which paints the sunbeams as they pass;
Worthless each artificial note
Which vibrates in the venal throat,

God's mercy can array
A temple in the wilderness,
For sorrow, longing to confess,
For weakness gone astray.

XIX.

Still there is virtue in each spot
Where God, although we see Him not,
Is present by His Word;
The House wherein, through ages long,
At Matins and at Evensong,
Good tidings have been heard:
Such sacred homes o'er England spread,
Are England's noblest part;
If she neglects them she is dead,
In spite of loom and mart;
For skilful hand, and scheming head,
Are nurtured by the heart.
And so to save such homes from wrong
The dove is bold, the lamb is strong.

XX.

Then who can tell the joy of them
Who saw the chosen race
Restored to their Jerusalem,
Their holy dwelling place ;
Who guarded, sword in hand, the Priests
Preparing long-neglected Feasts ;
And saw the odorous incense rise,
At the accepted sacrifice ;
And heard the Hallelujah's ring,
In Zion's courts, to Zion's King.

XXI.

'Twas like as when a captive maid,
Who through the night despaired of aid,
At morn awaking, weak and wan,
And finding Bey and Pacha gone,
And at her feet her champion,
Her lover once, but now her Lord
(For love gives gladly love's reward),
Leans her tired head upon his breast,
And in his strong arms sinks to rest.
Thus Zion's rescued daughter clung
To her deliverer's knee,
And felt that she once more was young,
Since she once more was free.

XXII.

Was free ! what joy is in the word ;
What rapture fills the soaring bird,
Who, prisoned while he planned his nest,
Against the bars with bleeding breast
Battered, and long in vain,
Yet battered, till he felt them yield,
Then issued forth, and flew a-field
To find his mate again.

XXIII.

But there is yet a heavier yoke
Than that which Maccabæus broke ;
A House of God more holy still,
Than that which crowned Araunah's hill.
A war begun, which is not done,
Until the better land is won.
God grant that we with Christ may be
In His great day of victory.

XXIV.

For there is One, and only One,
Whose dying conquered death ;
Emmanuel, Jehovah's Son,
The Christ of Nazareth.
And if, when selfish passions sting,

And birds of prey are on the wing,
A Mediator He
To warring nations were revealed,
No Judas need arise to shield
The weak from tyranny ;
And at the bitter end to yield
- His life, upon the blood stained field,
And not in * victory.
For battle's mad delight would cease,
And happier days begin,
And earth rejoice in her release
From the long reign of sin ;
And the Church bells, proclaiming peace,
Ring a new cycle in.

* 1 Macc. ix. 18.



Nobody and Somebody.

IF the first Lucian of Samosata had been like the second in some respects, that is, if he had written as a Christian, when he might, and ought to have done so, his voluminous works would not be offered in catalogues for a few shillings, without finding purchasers, even at that low price. For he was a remarkable man, and one who might reasonably have expected to secure an abiding popularity. In these days, enough, and perhaps more than enough of broad fun is thrown on the world in prose, but Lucian wrote in this style when the thing was quite new. And very good fun some of it is. No one, not even a schoolboy, can read about Outis or Nobody, without laughter.

In this case, however, the author owed much to the happy selection of his subject. For what a fertile theme is Nobody! What a number of sins have been laid on the head of Nobody! There was a time, when

cats were unknown in houses, and then the Outis must have played the part of that useful animal, in so far as serving to account for the breaking of crockery, and the surreptitious enjoyment of forbidden dainties.

But if the Outis or Nobody has borne some heavy burdens, the Tis or Somebody has been and is far more unfortunate in this respect. A very few words will convince the most sceptical on this point.

Let us suppose, then, that the reader of these pages is in the money world a Somebody, a Billionaire in fact, for Millionaires are Nobodies now. Of course people who have not climbed to this exalted position, regard him with ignorant envy; but, if the man himself has a sensitive conscience, or a tender heart, he endures a sort of martyrdom every day. For what harrowing narratives of human suffering arrive by every post, and each one of them is the pleading of a Lazarus to a Dives. But Dives knows that ninety-nine out of every hundred of those who thus claim his bounty, are impostors. He, however, also knows, and here is the sting of his life, that the hundredth man is a real Lazarus, a genuine suf-

ferer, for whom the arms of Abraham are open. But how is poor Dives to discover amidst this bottle of chaff, the one latent needle of true steel. If the problem were presented only once in a lifetime, he might make an effort to solve it; but recurring, as it does, every morning, the accumulating mass cannot be sifted, and so it goes into the fire. But this destination of a petition from Lazarus to Dives suggests unpleasant reflections.

Or let us suppose that the reader belongs to the world of literature, and that he is a Somebody there. In this case, besides the applications above-mentioned (for the successful author is potentially a millionaire now), every breakfast is spoiled by the arrival of MSS. in heaps. Young men and maidens, old men, and even children are supplicants for aid in the promulgation of their works; for aid, which, as they assure the great poet, or delightful novelist, will cost him nothing. Would he just write a preface to this Epic on Tiberius, or merely recommend that History of all Creation to some discerning and liberal Publisher. For every one of these literary Nobodies, the heart of the literary Somebody aches. With them he

feels the most acute sympathy; for was he not one of that struggling disappointed herd of envious Bohemians not so many weeks ago? Did he not once sit on the stool just inside the door of the great house in Hougomont Place? Did he not sit there in the full view of every passer by, while a supercilious clerk was seeking in some cobweb-covered pigeon hole for a work, then unread, but now famous? And does he not feel that it was sheer good fortune, and no particular merit of his own, which induced a literary accoucheur to bring the—well, the work shall be nameless, into the world? All poor authors, then, are brothers of the literary Somebody, and he wishes them a success equal to his own; but what more can he do for them? He has still to work hard in order to keep his place in the front rank; and, in his last dealings with Messrs. Pennyroyal, there was an ominous disposition to haggle about the price. The literary Somebody, then, cannot spare time to help his unfortunate clients. Possibly he casts a hurried glance at one or two of the least ponderous heaps of MS., and, perhaps, unfortunate in his selection, he hits upon an imitation of a style which, being his own, he believed to be inimitable

but which, as he now finds, may, at all events, be copied in its blemishes. After this, of course, he reads no more, but he goes to his own work with a saddened spirit which does not improve the quality of those airy fancies which have gained him his reputation.

The person, however, who deserves the greatest pity, is he whom success as a preacher has raised to be a Somebody. Flattery of all sorts is dangerous food, but the adulation administered by religious people to their adored Pastor is, morally speaking, the most dangerous poison known to the world. To see its baneful effects in full blast, one must cross the Atlantic; for in this country, happily, we don't, as yet, hire a Minister of the Gospel, and then let the seats in his theatre to the highest bidder; although it is quite possible that our present propensity for copying may bring us to this. And, even now, England can produce some saddening specimens of the Clerical Somebody.

The Reverend Jacob Nobody, for instance, developed at an early age an aptitude for hortatory talk; having, as the son of eminent Nonconformists, imbibed unction naturally. Formerly, there was a great lack of this article in the National Church, and

no demand ; but it came into fashion about the time when Mr. Nobody passed over to the ranks of the Establishment. The consequence of this was rapid promotion, and Mr. Nobody soon became Dr. Somebody. On the discourses of the preacher, this rise in the world produced a wholesome effect ; they were more sober, and far less sour. But the man, himself, changed for the worse. The Nonconformist Nobody had been a gentle, retiring, and pleasant man, at least when he was not wound up ; a little childish and namby pamby, perhaps, but not at all offensive. The Rev. Dr. Somebody, on the high road to become a Right Reverend, is the most vain and egotistical creature in existence. According to his account, he never enters a railway carriage without finding that every one is discussing himself. This is certainly curious, since other people travel for miles either in unbroken silence, or amidst snatches of talk which are eminently secular. But this is not the experience of Dr. Somebody's life. Everybody, everywhere, it seems, is talking of him. And this being so, he asks you innocently what he ought to do ? Should he announce that he, the great Somebody, is present in person ? If so, he assures you, that the consequence would be

hushed homage ; or should he, muffling himself up in his habitual comforter, submit incognito to be told that Somebody is the Chrysostom of the Anglican Church ? for, strange to say, railway travellers, when journeying with him, seem to know all about St. Chrysostom. You are unable to answer the question submitted to you, and you enquire what is his practice under these trying circumstances ? He replies, that sometimes he maintains his incognito ; and then there is sure to be some friend waiting for him at the station, who, on the arrival of the train, cries out, "There he is ! there is our dear friend, Dr. Somebody !" The consequence of which is, that a hundred heads are protruded from the windows all down the train, and Dr. Somebody receives reproachful, but complimentary letters, from all with whom he journeyed. The next time, he assures you, that he stopped the flood of praise at once, by removing his comforter, and announcing his name, on which every one in his carriage drew out a pencil and prepared to take notes. Just now, this Somebody, the subject of so much adulation, is pleased to say that he is about to suffer per-

secution. In other words, he intends to relapse into Nonconformity, without relinquishing his hold on the benefits derived by him from the National Church. In fact, he contemplates a deliberate and sensational breaking of the law.

In the case of ordinary persons, this sort of proceeding would, of course, be not only criminal, but in the highest degree mischievous; for a loyal obedience to all laws is the sheet anchor of every free State. But Dr. Somebody is of opinion that the law which he proposes to break is no law to him, inasmuch as it was made by the wrong people, and is wrongly interpreted, by the wrong judge. To procure, by every legitimate means, an alteration of this law, would be the course adopted by sensible people, under such circumstances; or failing to do this, they would get beyond its operations, and become Nonconformists. But Somebody can see no other plan for him to pursue, except to break the law and retain his benefice. Nor does he perceive that by this line of conduct he places himself on a level with the poacher, who holds the same views in reference to the pursuit of game, and who acts in the same lawless fashion. At all events, Dr. Somebody, with much emotional eloquence, informs

the world that he is prepared to endure martyrdom. Now martyrdom is a very fine word, and recalls to the mind some of the noblest deeds which human beings have ever performed. But martyrdom does not mean quite so much now as it once did. Dr. Somebody, for instance, instead of going to the lions, will only become a greater lion than ever. And he will occupy this envied position at very little cost. For all that he can lose is his income; and he has explained to his admirers, that, in case he is ejected from his benefice, he shall expect them to take care of him, by providing just the same sum which he is so magnanimously ready to surrender. No doubt they will do this, and consequently the martyred Dr. Somebody will spend a happy holiday in visiting Rome, or perhaps Holy Russia, after which he will submit to his Bishop, who will make him a Canon. This presents on the whole, a not unpleasant prospect for the martyr; but the laymen who belong to the suffering sect, must sometimes reflect, that, if this be persecution, and if it can be secured at the moderate cost of a few candles and incense, and dresses, used at the wrong time and place, there may not only be an embarrassing supply of candidates for the honour,

but also that some ridicule may be cast on such martyrdoms.

Now every one who knows this preacher, would be sorry to see him exposed to unpleasant treatment in the future, and the following anecdote might be useful to him, if he would carefully digest it. "Once on a time some Bostonian Promoters expended a considerable capital in a great religious speculation, that is to say, they built a huge Chapel, and they engaged a Minister from whom they expected great things. Under these circumstances, they were naturally anxious when the first Sunday arrived, to know how the thing would go off. Happily, the sermon was a complete success. It is true, people neither clapped nor stamped, but at the conclusion of each eloquent paragraph, the little coughs, which had been pent up, broke forth, and the Directors knew what this noise meant. At the conclusion, the Minister returned to the Vestry, in which place he found his employers with radiant faces. 'I guess, Sir,' said one of them, rubbing his hands, 'I guess, Sir, Mammon will feel himself hard hit by that discourse of yours. I calculate he would not know 'zackly what to say; now would

he, Sir?’ In after years the preacher might have been pleased to receive the compliment, and have founded upon it a claim for more dollars; but he was young then, and that depression had come over him which so frequently follows after religious exaltation. So he said, sadly, ‘When my head sunk on the cushion of the pulpit, I received the congratulations of Mammon himself. Yes, gentlemen, it was he who whispered in my ear, Well, that was a good sermon.’ ‘Brethren,’ he added, ‘let us pray to be delivered from that evil spirit who is never more dangerous than when he transforms himself into an angel of light.’ All knelt, and, perhaps, when the books are opened, that short prayer, which came from the heart, will be found to have covered the vainglory of multitudinous preachments which were uniformly admired, but which never induced any man or woman or child seriously to determine to fight against Satan, in other words, to lead a godly and self-denying life.”

If it be clear then that the Somebody, and especially the Clerical Somebody is, in a moral point of view, to be pitied rather than envied, the

question arises, Is there any escape for him from his gilded bondage? It is to be feared that a complete emancipation is impossible. Once a Somebody, always a Somebody, is a rule so far as external burdens are concerned. Nor can the internal discomfort be avoided entirely. Lord Byron fled from England in dismay as soon as the strong light, which he had so laboured to bring down on himself from the poetical clouds, really fell on his head. But he could not escape the painful glare. Every newspaper which he took up paraded before a prurient world the private wretchedness which, had it belonged to a Nobody, might have hid its face. But the deadliest part of the internal mischief is happily curable, and here is the prescription.

Let the Somebody, whoever he may be—the Cræsus, the Shakespeare, or the Chrysostom—look, in the solitude of the night, at the milky way above his head. Let him reflect on the magnificence of that bright galaxy of worlds, the number of which will never be told, since no telescope can penetrate its depths; and let him remember that He who fashioned those multitudinous orbs, He, who regulates their majestic order, is present in

every part of every one of them, and equally present at man's side, although unseen. To the most arrogant, the most egotistical of human beings, this thought will then come home, "Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou so regardest him? Man is like a thing of nought. Yes, he is an utter Nobody at the best."

Banns.

THE three askings in a village Church are not unseemly. But when, as in populous Parishes, they take up half-an-hour every Sunday, the practice becomes a nuisance. It admits, however, of an easy remedy. Fifty years ago, all notices were promulgated from the Reading Desk; now, as a rule, they are posted on the doors of all places of worship. Why should not this precedent be followed in the case of BANNS?



The Palm Sunday of Serbia.

NO bells were chimed, none dared to call
The scattered flock to prayer ;

But on the Holy Morn, for all

Who dwelt around Takova's wall,

God's voice was in the air ;

So the Serbs' Church was full, and palms

Were waved, amid Hosannah psalms,

When Milosch entered there ;

Nor, though the heathen round them mocked,

And at the shattered windows knocked,

And told of Kara's fate,

Was Christian courage seen to fail ;

And if the cheek of some grew pale,

'Twas not from fear, but hate.

Then from the altar spake a Priest,

" Arise, and let us keep the Feast,

Our Easter draweth nigh."

Such the strange text, and like the clang

Of trumpets was his wild harangue,

Rebellion's battle cry.

" Obrenovitch, these days of Lent

Befit our fortunes well,

For to the vanquished merriment
Is grief unspeakable ;
And even these Palm Sunday strains,
Triumphant since they are,
Upon the rankling of our chains
Intolerably jar ;
But courage, wrecked on hopes deferred,
Rides buoyant, rescued by God's Word."

Of Caleb then, and David he
Told the eventful history ;
And next of serfdom's wrongs he spoke,
Of desecrated shrines,
Of breaking the oppressor's yoke,
And smiting Philistines ;
And how he rises from the grave,
Who was, but will not be a slave.
And then he added, while his eyes
Blazed fiercely, as our English skies
When all the hills, in all the shires
At Philip flung their warning fires,
" O Servians, who that hears me now
Will take the new Crusader's vow ?
Of all the Heyducks which ?
Our Caleb now, our David thou,
Milosch Obrenovitch,

May Angels and Archangels bless
Our Milosch, our Worowna Knes."

And what the brave, the prompt reply ?
" War has begun ! its soul am I !
Its soul am I ! till all be won !
The war of freedom has begun."

A war of which the end as yet
Is hid in mystery ;
For the foul flag of Mahomet
Makes black the Danube's Sea,
And they who fain would drive away
The Moslem robber from his prey,
Have fed on carnage since the day
They left their Ukraine nest ;
A vulture's wing, and sting of asps,
Hath Holy Russia, and she grasps
Belgrade and Bucharest.



Wiltshire Cured.

HARRY PIGGOTT, the Moonraker
(Held in honour is the name),
Of his fortune was the maker,
And the founder of his fame.

For he cured his Wiltshire flitches,
And his bacon was first chop,
And his ever growing riches
Grew at last to such a crop,
That his girls, the little witches,
Told him he must leave the shop.

So he took from Lord de Labbey
Yards of glass, and miles of wall,
Took his Dunderdownham Abbey,
Servants, carriages, and all.

There as county folks they set up,
Startling Dunderdownham Church,
Where the Piggotts' pretty get up
Left the Startupps in the lurch.

But of troubles they had plenty,
And of pleasures very few,
For a tradesman with twice twenty
Servants, wishes he had two.

And how lazy were the fluukies,
And how impudent the lads,
Falsar than a load of monkeys,
Or the students of St. Cads.

And the Dunderdownham butler
Was not all that he professed,
But an idle, drunken suttler,
Subtler he than all the rest.

And the gardeners took the prizes
For deserts, but not their own,
And the Piggotts, at Devizes,
Bought desserts which they had grown.

And the Dunderdownham carriage
Would be wanted, you'll admit,
At Augusta Piggott's marriage,
Did they have it? not a bit.

“All the horses,” said the Jehu,
“Are in physic, balls, and drink,”
Balls they may have had, ’twas he who
Had the other dose, I think.

And the Lawyer, the Physician,
And the Vicar used to call;
But the people of position
Never came to them at all.

And the Abbey was a show place,
Though there was not much to see,
And a show place—it is no place
For a quiet family.

And at night the house was haunted,
Grinning monks in half the rooms;
Piggott faced the ghosts undaunted,
And unmasked his grinning grooms.

So at last he grew down-hearted,
From the hated Abbey turned;
With the saucy servants parted,
Paying wages never earned.

To the dear old home he wended,
To the gardens where the ground,
With a loving culture tended,
Gave enjoyment all year round.

Where his daughters made a clearance
Of the peaches, when they chose,
And no servant's interference
Put in quarantine the rose.

And he cured his Wiltshire gammon,
For employment, earning health;
And invested all his mammon
In a stock of heavenly wealth.

And his wealth, upon his bounty,
Throve, eternally insured,
And, throughout his native county,
He was known as Wiltshire cured.



The Friend.

(Heine.)

ADVICE they gave me, counsel good,
Poured praises o'er me, quite a flood;
"If I would wait on them," said they,
" 'Twould please them much to be my stay."

But had I thus relied on them,
I should have known what 'tis to clem;*
But then there came a worthy man,
Who took my part, as such men can.

A worthy man, he serves me yet,
His usefulness I don't forget,
I'd shake his hand—if that might be—
But that I can't, for I am he.

* In the original, as here, an old-fashioned word is used for starve.




The Real Friend.

A FRIEND, a more than friend, 'tis his to bless
The happy moment of a first success,
With frank appreciation, right good-will,
Making the brightest triumph brighter still.
And his no less congenial task, to cheer
The vanquished, when a place
Far in the rear
Tells of the wasted hours, and seems to be disgrace.
To such that voice has ever said,
“ Brother, lift up thine head,
And cheer thy drooping soul,
All reach not honour at its earthly goal,
But brave men try and try,
Till, ever trying, at the last they die,
Grateful, that glory mocks them not on high.”



Easter Eve.

LL is o'er ; He fought the fight,
And with Him remained the right,
But another had the might.

All is o'er ; His life has flown,
And the Man Who claimed a throne,
Lies in Joseph's tomb alone.

On the stone the seal is set ;
He has paid the heavy debt,
Let us not the price forget.

All is o'er ; but not for long ;
Easter Morn will hear the song,
He has triumphed over wrong.

Christ has risen from the grave,
Has reclaimed the life He gave,
And will ever life to save.

Thus may sin and sorrow die,
In the rock-hewn tomb to lie,
Till we rise with Him on high.

A Bridal Hymn.

THOU, Who once at Cana's wedding
Didst a guest appear ;
Thine Almighty bounty shedding
On the marriage cheer :

Fount of Life, with mercy gushing !
Bridegroom ! Holy Vine !
At Whose word the water, blushing,
Reddened into wine ;

Bless Thy people, when they enter
Into Wedlock's bands ;
Be to them a mystic Centre,
Joining hearts and hands !

So that they may ne'er be parted,
But be one with Thee ;
Kindred spirits, single-hearted,
As the Trinity !



Toasts.


A RIGHT REVEREND PRELATE, presiding at a public dinner, once gave so many toasts that all the guests would have been under the table if they had honoured them. But, in that case, if any of them had committed the crimes which so frequently arise from drunkenness, the Right Rev. Chairman, who is a Teetotaller, would, morally speaking, have been an accessory before the fact, and, in a well ordered country, would have been punished accordingly.

Surely, then, the Church of England Temperance Society, which hitherto has only listened to the fanatical harangues of Total Abstainers, whose principles it professes to repudiate, might attempt this practical work of abolishing Toasts.

Success, here, would be certain. For every one connected with a public dinner, from the Chairman down to the smallest waiter, says, "We GOT THROUGH the Toasts." But a Pagan practice which has to BE GOT THROUGH, might easily be got rid of.

Jehu.

I.

NCE on a time, with sword, and bow, and spear,
Urged by an impulse he could scarce define,
A rebel chief, a furious charioteer,
Drove o'er the dusty plains of Palestine;
Drove on to seeming ruin, for his track
Lay right across his royal master's back.

II.

Then from that master's watch-tower, whence the foe,
Discomfited and crushed, had oftentimes gone,
Spurred forth an eager runner, sent to know
Why that strange chariot came so wildly on.
And this the question borne upon the breeze,
"My Lord and master asks thee, Is it peace?"

III.

"What peace!" replied that angry charioteer,
While robbers thrive, and witches are so many;
"What peace!" not staying in his wild career;
"What peace! Behind me, knave! I know not any."
The watchman said, "The messenger we sent
Returns not, surely there is evil meant."

IV.

Then forth another runner clattering came,
 His message as before, "Say, Is it peace?"
 But still the rebel's answer was the same—
 "Behind me, knave, and let your prating cease;"
 At which the warder cried, "That man must be
 Lord Nimshi's son! he drives so furiously."

V.

King Joram said, "Make ready;" then was made
 His chariot ready; Ahaziah's too;
 And forth they went, though trembling and afraid,
 To meet the steeds which winged with vengeance flew.
 'Twas in the plain of Jezreel, the plot
 Which from the murdered Naboth Ahab got.

VI.

Then Joram, meeting Jehu, asked again,
 "Say, is it peace, my Jehu?" Answered he,
 "What peace, so long as Jezebel 'is fain
 To swell her fields by blood and robbery."
 He heard, and cried aloud, "'Tis time to fly;
 O Ahaziah, there are traitors nigh!"

VII.

But Jehu strung his judgment-dealing bow,
 And fixed the fated arrow on the string,

Then drew it with his utmost strength, and, lo!

It pierced the tempered harness of the king;
And from that chariot oozed a purple flood,
Which dogs lapped fiercely, for 'twas royal blood.

VIII.

And Bidkar cast his carcase on that ground

Which once was Naboth's, now for Joram strewn
With bitter herbs, which always must abound

In vineyards made through violence our own,
The Poland of King Ahab was that place,
A short possession, and a long disgrace.

XI.

But onward, onward went that chariot still,

Unswerving, unforgiving, led by fate,
Until those virgin turrets on the hill

Lay riven, rifled, ruined, desolate.
And such the fate which, by the Dardanelles,
On Naboth's plot awaits the Jezebels.



Knots Cut.

SOME years ago, a distinguished member of the extreme section of the National Church died, and so highly was he esteemed by those with whom he had long acted, that two biographies of the usual length were begun at once. However, before either of them could be completed, it became known that the Reverend and extremely Orthodox hero had received the emoluments, and profited by the commanding position of a beneficed Clergyman, after he had become a member of the Romish Church, which he, consciously or unconsciously, had served during so many years.

It is to be hoped that there are not many, if any, cases so glaring as this. But it is notorious that Clergymen, banded together, ostentatiously imitate the Romanists in all things, except celibacy (for they usually marry well), and, obeying somebody unknown, set the laws of their Church and of their country at defiance. The consequence of which is, that putting sight-seers out of the reckoning,

their congregations are even smaller than those of the above-mentioned Cornish Vicar. For, although he had no influence over any human beings except Clergymen, he had a wonderful power over all irrational creatures, and his twelve cats, called by him the Apostles, attended his masses at Morwenstowe regularly.

As these things are done with impunity, it is natural for cavillers to say that *Episcopus*, or Bishop in English, does not mean Overseer, but Overlooker—that is, a man who overlooks a great deal what he ought to see, and to restrain, if not to punish.

The Bishops, however, are not to be blamed, except in so far as they patronise Clergymen who, without having the courage to be insubordinate, sympathise, openly or secretly, with those who carry their High Church principles to the legitimate conclusions. This the Bishops do far too frequently, and they uniformly set their faces against those of the Clergy who, like the Rectors of Ingoldsby and Newport, or the late Mr. Jelf, venture to say a word on the other side.

The real difficulty, however, lies in the fact, that

the Beneficed Clergyman has a freehold *ex-officio*; and of a freehold in a free country, both the law administrators and the law makers are properly tender. But the remedy is simple. Let the freehold, which is temporal, and the duties, which are spiritual, for the future be separated. Let the former be as carefully guarded as it is now; but let the spiritual functions of the Minister be subject to the Bishop, with no appeal except to the Archbishops.

If this were the law, the immoral, the mutinous, and even the incapable, might be shelved at once; and as the cure of souls, at least for a time, would devolve on the Bishops, they would not only be unlikely to act with undue precipitation, but they would also be more careful in their ordinations and their promotions than they have been lately. Of course, if they neglected to do their duty, they might be subject to a mandamus.

The freehold of the Church and Churchyard ought to belong to the Wardens, both of whom should be elected by the Parishioners. The appointment of one Warden by the Incumbent, which is the practice now, makes both of these functionaries,

being a Corporation, useless, when they are most wanted.

If this were done, and it might be done in one Session, we should find many KNOTS CUT.


Excelsiora Prospicit.

BY land and sea, coiled up invisible,
For man the lightning is an Ariël ;
For him the sunshine paints, for him the night
Is robbed of darkness by electric light—
He weighs the stars, he brings the farthest near,
And tests their substance, and their atmosphere.

To our achievements, limit can there be ?
Yes ! riddles spring from each discovery,
And while his hills proud man ascending treads,
God's mighty mountains raise their loftier heads ;
And higher still, a coronet of clouds
The Cader Idris of the Maker shrouds.



Goody.

F books called Goody, there are plenty—
But few are good, not one in twenty ;
And how alike ! A Vicar, Rector,
Of boys and girls the wise protector.

A nobleman, of schools the patron ;
A crippled child, a preaching matron ;
Commandments broken, theft, or lying,
Then retribution, illness, dying ;
Then planting, in a bed of roses,
A Cross, and so the Goody closes.

Who writes such books ? The chief offenders
Are sweet old women of both genders ;
And of them all, the greatest bore is
A culler of—self-styled—“ Good Stories.”

But worse than these, or any Goody,
Are thy dull pages, dear Aunt Judy ;
And the poor children ! how they read 'em !
But the sweet Goody will not feed 'em.



Our Two Cardinals.

WITH that old and superlatively blue blood of England, which, maintaining a circulation once almost universal, has had its heart always at Rome, our Cardinal Archbishop could scarcely hope to be a favourite. Nor has he been. When the appointment to his See of Westminster was to be made, Manning in the estimation of that Clerical body which was privileged to present a nomination, and which represented the general feeling, was neither *dignissimus*, *dignior*, nor even *dignus*. And when these English Romanists found that one, who had so lately been a Protestant Archdeacon, and who might have been the father of an acknowledged family, was appointed to be their spiritual father, they recognized the Machiavellian policy of the Black Pope, and they anticipated troubles.

These fears, however, proved groundless. For that section of the National Church out of which the convert had come, has provided him with ample scope for his energetic intrigues, and also with food for a masculine ambition which is sharpened by a feminine vanity. With his successes

in that quarter, the blue blood has sympathised to some extent, but not entirely. It has, of course, been pleasant for these old Romanists to see the narrow circle within which they could contract matrimonial alliances canonically, enlarged by the addition of millionaire Marquises, and the descendants of ultra-Protestant Earls. But, on the other hand, the unctuous letters in which some of our Clerical wastrels have paraded the sacrifices which they made at their conversion, and in return have demanded the provision of younger brothers, must have been both humiliating and embarrassing.

The other Cardinal is much more popular with these veterans of Rome, and they think, not without reason, that the almost universal love which his tenderness, and manliness, and breadth of mind have deserved and obtained, is of more real service to their cause than the superficial accomplishments of his official superior. Of course, they would have liked him better if he had been a Howard, or a Stonor, or a Petre; but they are aware that, while these families, with the help of Stonyhurst, may be relied upon for producing a succession of handsome Monsignors, eminently qualified to chat with Cardinal Borromeo during vespers at St. Peter's,

the perfection of scholarship, and the most fascinating style which has ever graced the English language, must not be looked for in such quarters. If these qualities are valuable, and on this point the world is more and more convinced every day, the *novus homo*, who has been educated at Oxford, is the only man to supply them. So in all other respects, except his Protestant birth, the Bachelor Cardinal is exactly after the heart of those who sympathise very imperfectly with his elder brother in the Sacred College. They see that he is profoundly convinced of the impossibility of securing any peace of mind without some form of faith, and they know, that when this is the point from which a mind starts in search of divine truth, the limit of belief is naturally drawn by some external authority, and must be thus drawn where the tendency to scepticism is both subtle and honest. Loyal obedience to Rome on this principle of Hobson's choice, viz., that or none, is perfectly understood by the pupils of Oscott. They appreciate also that low, deferential, and very gentlemanly tone in which, after an infallible syllabus has ordained that the world does stand still, and must

stand still, the great Oratorian of Birmingham has more than once whispered *Ma pur si muove*.

That such a man has, at last, been admitted into the College of Cardinals is, of course, a triumph over the narrow party in the Church of Rome, which there, as elsewhere, is the violent and dangerous party. But they must not suppose that he will direct the policy of the Conclave, or, indeed, that he will influence it at all. It is difficult, even in the Church of England, for a man whose mind is broad, and, at the same time religious, to do more than put on the drag. In the Church of Rome, such a phenomenon cannot do even that. His business is simply to adorn the equipage as best he may. He must not dream of directing it. There both the reins and the whip are in other hands. The Society of Jesus has long ago monopolised the former, leaving to the Pope, as to a child, the part lying between their fingers and the golden buckle; the fanatics have the latter, and as many whips as they like, so that they are too short to reach the Jesuit leaders.

To drop metaphor, the policy of Rome is immutable, and the end of it inevitable. A despotism, which is an usurpation, must take for

its motto, *L'audace, l'audace, et toujours l'audace*. To stop is impossible, although before it lies a precipice, a Sedan. This the Black Pope knows, if our Cardinals do not. But he knows, also, that his business consists in keeping the army together, and seeing that it gallops. His consolation is, and this thought may have crossed the mind of Dr. Newman also, that Sedan, after all, must be very far off, as otherwise it would have been reached long ago.

The King of Boys.



SCHOLAR, reared beside the Thames and Cam,

Built up an Eton at his Uppingham.

Whence this success ? To make all teaching real

Was, with this King of boys, life's bean ideal ;

So, though his bow had many strings, this one

He plied, this always ; thus his work was done,

This made him famous. All should learn from Thring,

That he does well who does his life's one thing.

Presumption.

“**T**HOUGH I should die,
I’ll not deny,”

Was Peter’s cry.

And yet, when tried,
He thrice denied,
And, swearing, lied.

Strong in his own
Firmness alone,
Fell the brave Stone.

For man is dust,
And must not trust
That he is just.

But Peter’s tear
Brought pardon near,
His soul to cheer.

Thus through the Son,
Till life be done,
Is mercy won.

O Lord ! may we
From falling be
Preserved by Thee ;

Or, if we fall,
May Thy recall
Comfort us all !

The Living Death.

THE most horrible of all nightmares is the apparition of one with whom long ago we took counsel which was not sweet. We, the tempters, our hope is, have been forgiven; but he, or she, the tempted! Has there been repentance and reconciliation in that case?

About the death and its continuance we have no doubt; but the body lives and moves. Possibly, it upbraids. Is not this a foreshadowing of THE LIVING DEATH?



Dropping from the Clouds.

WHEN this earth is overpeopled, emigration to the planets will be impossible. For our peculiar organisation must stand in the way of this voyage, even when other difficulties have been surmounted. But there is no reason why the inhabitants of Neptune or Uranus—if superior to ourselves—should not visit us at any moment. Hitherto, they have never landed—so far as we know—but there are well-authenticated stories of armies seen in the air; and this dropping from the clouds would be no greater surprise to London, than the ships and warhorses of Cortes and Pizarro were to Mexico and Peru.

To be reduced from the first rank to the second, to be killed when we were fat, and hunted for amusement, would not be pleasant; but, at all events, when we had become the brute beasts of superior creatures, we should not be permitted to drink a decoction of sewage, nor to madden ourselves with fire-water, which, in some places, seems to be the only alternative. Nor, after we had

contributed to the amusement of our master for one season, and received his caresses, should we be sold during the next to draw a night cab.

We should learn something also, which does not occur to self-righteous people, namely, that the Son of God did not come to save us because we were far too good to be lost ; but, because the utter smallness and unutterable perverseness of a fallen race moved Infinite compassion to pay a stupendous ransom.

In the meantime, too, we might profitably reflect, that a Being, as much superior to any possible inhabitants of Neptune or Uranus, as they to us, hears every cry of anguish, whether it comes from the injured man, or the tortured animal ; and that on the Great Day, every wrong will be completely and finally righted by Him.



The Baptist in the Desert.

A LAND of stream and sunshine, yet a waste !
Strange contradictions here ! Such elements
As should have made a garden, and the whole
A glowing haze, which quivering genders dearth.

And yet this very barrenness, combined
With promise so abundant, suited well
That voice, whose deep mysterious eddies flowed
Throughout a land, which all its gifts absorbed,
Yet seemed as bare (be witness Calvary),
Behind the Desert Preacher, as before.
The camel's hair, the girdle, and the staff
In a broad hand, bespoke a wayfarer
Equipped for Eastern journey, yet he stood
Erect, unmoved, absorbed, his dreamy eyes
Dilated and dilating, like night clouds,
Which glow with gleams electrical, revealed
A force imprisoned, eager to break through
The limits of things visible, and roam
O'er ether disembodied, whence it drew
Its vital inspiration. So the man
Was worthy of the scene, the scene of him—
A sun, a river, and a wilderness.

A Love Parley.

(Heine.)

MY heart, I ask of thee
What love is? answer me.

Two souls whose fancies meet
In one, two hearts, one beat.

And whence is Love? tell this.
It comes, and there it is.
And say how doth it go?
It was not Love did so.

And Love, if pure, is what?
Is by itself forgot.
And when is Love most deep?
When it so still doth keep.

And Love is richest when?
In giving, richest then.
And Love, it speaketh what?
Love loves, and speaketh not.



It Fizzes.

IT fizzes! Such was the doubtful praise which a great Scholar once bestowed on the priceless Clicquot of a nobleman with whom he was dining, and who asked for his opinion, as a connoisseur, upon its quality. It fizzes! This was all that he had to say, and it was not saying much in its favour, as the nobleman and his butler felt. For in fizzing, old Gooseberry is decidedly superior to the choicest vintage of Rheims.

This anecdote, of course, belongs to modern times. Indeed, the incident could not have happened during the reigns of the Georges, or before. Then, if the wine was bad (and it never used to be bad), the bottle, being Port or Madeira, had no fizzing to cover its adulteration, and consequently, the unwholesome flavour betrayed itself at once. Now, except in the case of intelligent people, the one thing which commands success is fizzing. Unfortunately, this remark may, with too much justice, be applied to matters far more important than wine. For instance (to say nothing

of the political world), take those who have received advancement in the National Church of late years. To what, as a rule, have they owed their promotion? It will be found that a capacity for gushing effervescence has been far more serviceable to them than any other sounder qualities. At all events, retiring modesty, which had no one to blow its trumpet, has generally remained in that cold shade for which it was supposed to be most fitted. Some of our Deans, and even a few of our Bishops, have fizzed greatly in their time; and, except in those cases where the good sense and calm piety which presides at Hartlebury, and which would grace Lambeth, animates a Diocese, fizzing of all sorts (millinery fizzing included), is tolerated, if not promoted, while they who dare to say a word on the other side are uniformly sent to Coventry.

This weak point, which is all the weaker because it is thought to be the reverse, our Sceptics, who are far more numerous than some people suppose, observe with contemptuous satisfaction. For, being ignorant of the vast amount of wholesome wine, put aside as though it were worthless, and having a natural and healthy scorn for that fizzing which comes to the surface, they look forward

hopefully to the time when their sect will be able to play old Gooseberry to its heart's content. At present, they perceive that the National Church is the bulwark of Christianity all over the world, but they think that the bulwark is, after all, only a bladder. For not estimating that innate strength and soundness which is kept out of sight, and left in quiet unobserved corners, they naturally conclude that an Institution must be irretrievably ruined, when people can, and do say of this and that favoured, if not popular brand—IT FIZZES!

A Sound Faith.

Q UOTH Orthodox, "Where faith is sound,
Good fruits in substance must abound."

Experience answers, "There is ground
For diverse meanings in that fine word, sound;
And substance suffers where the noisy sort is found."



Questions and Answers.

TO an Inspector's question, " Could I ride
Hence to Calcutta ? " " No," the boys replied
He hoped to hear them say, " You'd reach the sea,"
For to the core, Episcopal was he,

So, " Wherefore not ? " he asked. Then cried they all,
" Because you'd tumble off ! "

That was a fall !

Still he resumed (his face looked small and wan),

" Define me ? what am I ? " One said,

" A mon."

" A common man ! No, something more ; go on."

At which they cried,

" You are a little mon."

" What ! Nothing more ? " he thundered. Whereupon
They said,

" You are an ugly little mon."

That answer doomed the School, its grants were gone !

Still 'twould be well, when praise is sought with why ?

And how ? and wherefore ? and a what am I ?

If fishers caught the world's suppressed reply.

The Lost Tribes.

THE readers of Israel's Banner believe that England is the carnal representative of those ten tribes which disappeared after the captivity; and they conclude, that, for the fulfilment of prophecy, we must succeed eventually in all our undertakings.

Two points, however, have to be considered before this comforting faith can be recommended for general acceptance. The first is, that the pedigree of the Irish King, through whom we inherit, is far less clear than the fact that we are a composite race; and consequently, that we have to share any remote honours of ancestry, not only with our cousins of the States, but also with Romans, Spaniards, Gauls, Danes, Saxons, Flemings, and Dutch, &c., &c. The next point is, that no descent, however illustrious, no prophecies, however favourable, will save those from suffering wrong who do wrong!

Still, whether we are, or are not, the carnal representatives of Israel, we may hope that by serving under Israel's banner, that is, by doing

justly, by loving mercy, and walking humbly with our God, we shall enjoy, whether in prosperity or adversity, the spiritual blessings of the spiritual heirs of THE LOST TRIBES.

Church Defence.

CHRISTIANS on guard !
Your work is hard,
And often marred.

Satan within !
How can ye win
The fight with sin ?

There is one way,
Pray and obey ;
Sin will not stay.



Leaves.

M RENAN, in his Life of Christ, puts forward many indefensible surmises, one of which is, that the destruction of the fig tree on the Bethany road, the goodly tree so conspicuous for its luxuriant foliage and absence of all fruit, was an act of unaccountable petulance. In this, he is unfortunate. For Christ's object is evident, viz., to provide His disciples with a standing and striking condemnation of the cardinal failing of the Jews. Leaves they had in plenty. Phylacteries! Sacrifices! Corbans! In a word, Fanaticism of every sort. Good things in their way, perhaps, as the shade of the leafy fig tree was good, but not all that was wanted. As for mercy, gentleness, meekness, long-suffering, self-sacrifice, humility, where could these fruits of the Spirit be found in the Church, which was then established by divine right, except in the sinless life of that poor Galilæan who was so soon to be crucified.

As the Jews were then, so are Judaizers now. What are our many-coloured Altar Cloths, our Super Altars, our Candlesticks, our Vestments, our

Decorations, &c.? Nothing but leaves! And how plentiful these have been of late, how continuously stirred by winds, favourable and otherwise. That no fruits have sprung from the Oxford Revival which produced them, cannot be asserted so long as Cardinal Newman and Canon Carter survive; but the fruits are not in proportion to all the fuss and the worry, and the everlasting blowing of trumpets to which we are now accustomed, that is, to the LEAVES.

What is Coming?

MAN sees not much which lies beyond his nose,
 And thus escapes foreknowledge of his woes;
 But there's a Scribe whose eyesight farther goes
 Than the Archangels'; for his cunning knows
 Sees, and describes creation's coming throes,
 The last Assize, its opening, and its close.
 Thus must he gain much grief, as I suppose,
 Yet gains he consolations; even those
 Which the successful well paid Author knows;
 Poor is the Prophet! but the profit grows!

Purging all Meats.

PEOPLE are so tempted to put marginal notes to books, especially when they feel irritated, that Croes y Breila will, no doubt, have many. This by the way. Seriously, the universal habit of annotating leads to the conclusion, that some of the numerous transcribers of the Bible fell into this practice, and it is conceivable that a few of the remarks have been incorporated with the Book itself.

At all events, this supposition explains a passage otherwise unintelligible, namely, Mark vii. 19. There “purging all meats” is the note of the copyist, the comment which he makes upon the words of Christ. Possibly the annotator, in this instance, may have been Mark himself when copying out the information given to him by Peter. But a note, and no more, the observation is. In fact, it records the conclusion that the distinction between one food and another is non-existent among Christians. But if this be so, we may venture to think that real fasting has no relation whatever to the eating of fish and eggs, or the abstaining from other sorts of meat.

A Happy Christmas.

'T WAS in the nineteenth century, and in a Christian land,

Two little children walked abroad—two orphans—hand in hand.

The wind, the biting east wind, round their tattered garments swept,

The searching wind, the chilling fog—and both together wept.

For hungry, cold, and penniless, without a home or friend,

'Twas theirs to wander through the world—how will their sorrows end?

“O, help us, worthy gentlemen; we're very poor,” they said;

“O, help us, gentle ladies; we're starving, give us bread.”

But from the chilly dawn of day, until the sun went down,
These little children rambled on, unpitied by that town.
And yet it was the Christmastide, and through the crowded street

Were borne the cans of foaming ale, the fat things, and the sweet.

Then little Janet softly said, " O, Robin, why are we
So fearfully o'erlooked by man in this our misery ?
'Twas not for us, and such as us, the children of the
poor,

This world was made, but for the rich and happy, I
am sure.

So, let us turn away from it ; my brother, let us die ;
For then, you know, that we shall go to God in yonder
sky.

But if we die, and die we must, oh, Robin, let it be
Not in this lurid, smoky town, but in the woodland free."

Then Robin did not answer her, but he smiled on little
Jane,

And led her by her shrunken hand on through the
sleety rain.

And thus they walked beyond the noise and hollow
joys of men,

Until they sank with weariness, 'twas in a wooded glen ;

And there, upon the Christmas morn, together they
were found,

Cold, pale, and motionless, upon the cold, the ice-cold
ground.

But the orphans, ere the morning of that happy
Christmas Day,

Were welcomed by their Father in the fair land far away.

The Vestments.

WITH some people in these days the word Vestments is a Shibboleth, a sacred and indispensable word. What our Reformers thought of it may be gathered from the fact, that the term does not appear at all in the Prayer Book, and in our Bible only once. There it is significantly associated with the worship of Baal!

In respect to this feature of public worship, the only regulation needed is an enactment that the official dress of the Minister shall be such as the Wardens, elected solely by the Parishioners, may have provided, subject to the approval of the Bishop.

This might, or it might not, dispose of the Vestments; but it would dispose of all squabbles about the Ornaments Rubric, and it would thus get rid of a scandal and a danger.



Thohu va Vohu.

TIMID theologians, alarmed by the researches and discoveries (real and supposed) of the Geologists, have adopted one ingenious theory after another in order to make these new lights agree with the book of Genesis. But in all this there was lost labour, and something worse. The truth is, that the inspired Author of that Book, and the Geologists, deal with two distinct fields of history.

The latter are labouring, and with astonishing success, to unravel the marvellous secrets of that primæval Thohu and Vohu out of which, as Moses tells us, our world was created; or rather was so modified and reconstructed, that it became fitted for the new race which was to replenish it. The former, on the other hand, is giving an account of that creation—and he has nothing to do with what came before—except to say, that matter was then without form, and void, that is chaotic, in other words, that it was THOHU VA VOHU.



Our Sanitary Canon.

ENTHUSIASTIC people, especially if they have no children, are delighted when a Clergyman exhibits his courage by visiting those who are suffering from infectious diseases. It is natural, therefore, that the Sanitary Canon which forbids this practice, should be the subject of some surprise and more censure. For it is argued, that, whereas a Doctor would never shrink from attending such cases, the Clergyman, *a fortiori*, ought to be present, inasmuch as the soul, which is more precious than the body, in most cases needs healing. But all who thus argue overlook one important distinction, which is this. It is true that the soul is of far more value than the body; but, this being the case, it is also true, that the soul has a Divine and infallible physician, whereas the body has not. "*Come unto Me,*" says the Saviour of man's soul. Woe therefore to the man who, whether as a Confessor, or a Director, puts himself between Christ and His patient. The duty, then, of the Clergyman is to bring the sinner, not to himself, who, as he should confess every day, is a sinner, but to Christ, the Ever-present and the

Sinless. This he will do, ordinarily, by praying, by preaching, and by administering the Sacraments; above all, by taking care that both he and his lead godly lives. He and his; for a Hophni and a Phineas in a family do something more than neutralize the good example of an Eli, and they are not uncommon in those homes where extra professions of religion are made by the head.

If these conditions be observed, the occasions on which it becomes needful to break the Sanitary Canon will be rare. If, however, any person should be afflicted both with an infectious disease, and also with such a troubled conscience as needs exceptional attention, then, of course, the Clergyman will run all hazards, and he will be forgiven, even if he spreads diseases without suffering from them in his own person. But in such cases, and, indeed, in all, he should remember that the Vicar is only the Minister, not the Physician; and that, whether the Holy Communion be celebrated or no, the Christ, to Whom he must bring the sinner, if he can, is never really absent for a moment, and consequently, is really present all the time.

The Outcast's Home.

SEA birds are flying on,
Each to her nest ;
Daylight is dying on
Clouds in the West.

Yet a poor stricken one,
Weak from her fall,
Wailing to sicken one,
Creeps through it all.

For on her pillow she
Knoweth no sleep,
So by the billow she
Goeth to weep.

Cometh no rest for her
Comfortless lot ?
Will it be best for her,
When she is not ?

Yes, from the land afar
Over the wave,

Stretcheth a hand afar,
Mighty to save.

Bidding her linger in
Penitent prayer,
Till the Lord's finger in-
viteth her there.

Habitual Confession.

HABITUAL is a false synonym for auricular confession. It is also a mischievous term. For no member of the National Church could object if the General Confession were used twice in every day. Indeed, this part of Common Prayer was intended to be an antidote, not only to the Confessional, but also to other perversions of Christianity. For they who are thus accustomed to open the delicate secrets of their hearts to the All Pure God, do not submit to the cross-questioning of a fellow-sinner.

Our Crusaders.

YES, there are still Crusaders in the field—
Their leader Christ, His discipline their shield.
The pure, the penitent, on every coast
Stand side by side, a Mahanaim host,
Unseen, yet universal, ever one,
The Church of God, the Saints' Communion,
The offspring of a Spirit, which, like air,
Pervades the globe, essential everywhere ;
Yet ofttimes unacknowledged till the breeze
Drives its white horses o'er the distant seas.

As when Elijah made his plaintive moan,
Defeated, disappointed, and alone,
Yet not defeated, nor alone ; for heaven
Its thousands counted by the mystic seven ;
And hosts which ride upon the mountain air,
Although as yet unseen, were riding there.

Thus, though our knightly files look weak and thin,
And foes without foment the strife within,
And timid hearts the dismal outcry swell,
“ All to your tents, betrayed is Israel ; ”

And treason magnifies the groundless fear,
Which drives the venal suttlers to the rear ;
God's mighty army, swelling every hour,
A root of life, with life's resistless power,
Still presses on against the heathen's wall,
While Satan feels his bulwarks doomed to fall.


And so ere long, the Rosy Cross will see
Hope arming Faith for her last victory ;
While their twin-sister kneeling pleads, until
The world is lost in flames, and all is still.

The Bells of Ouseley.

DOWN to the Bells of Ouseley ! how the boat
Answered each impulse of the bending oar ;
Ceasing to row, we did not cease to float
On to that hostel, by the shady shore.

But up Browne stream returning, when the bell
For Chapel stopped, we knew the truant's fate,
And felt our course had not been ordered well,
Downward too far, and upward when too late !

The Converts of Patricius.

N a summer's evening in those far distant days of old, when the round towers, which now lie beneath some of the Irish lakes, fringed their banks, two skiffs came racing across the still waters of Lough Avouin. Being now within sixty yards of the shore, the multitude there assembled could see that there was one rower or sculler only in each, and also, that the boat which had a Rosy Cross on its green flag was in advance of the other. This position of the two competitors had been more hoped for than expected, for to all appearance the rivals (and rivals they had been in every sense), were not fairly matched. Shallug Tyrone, however, who might have sat for a portrait of King David in his youth, was ahead, and most of those who looked on wished him to win.—In truth, all were deeply interested in the contest. For it had been agreed that the winner of the race, that is, he who succeeded in placing his right hand first in the right hand of the royal maiden who stood close to the water should, by becoming

her husband, become the King of Ulster. And now a breeze sprung up on the larboard side which caused both of the rowers to use the left hand still more vigorously than before. This was in favour of Tyrone, for each of his arms had been equally exercised in boyhood, and he so visibly increased his lead that his success seemed to be certain. At this critical moment, however, his left oar snapped suddenly in the middle, and despair fell on many a heart. For Arngrawin, who soon shot ahead, had vowed that the slave Patricius and his friends should die on the day that he became a King; and Patricius had taught many of those who then stood on that shore that they must be ready to suffer for Christ, who had been crucified for them.

Despair, too, seemed to have mastered the beaten man himself. For he stood up, and cast away the other oar. He drew his sword also, and few doubted that he intended to kill himself, as his ancestors in similar cases of hopeless disappointment had often done. Possibly he might have followed their example had not Patricius, on that very morning, repeated to him a few words which the Master spoke when He was on earth. They are

often thought to be very hard words, and young Tyrone himself had, at first, felt them to be so. But he knew now what they meant and he thanked God that they had reached his ears. The sword, however, was not returned to its sheath. On the contrary, it glittered for a moment in the rays of the setting sun, and then something fell to the bottom of the boat. No one on the shore guessed, at first, what had happened; nor did Arngrawin, who was now nearing land with a dangerous smile on his face, feel any doubt about his victory. But, when a bloody hand came flying over his head through the air, his countenance looked more terrible than ever, for a suspicion of the truth dawned on him. It was a right hand, too, for the young chieftain's ring was still on it, and the hand fell at the feet of the Princess Eyeru, who, kissing it, placed it within her own.

The prize, which had been apparently lost, was thus won. For a moment, it is true, Arngrawin seemed inclined to contest the decision; but his own friends, overcome by the reckless gallantry of his rival, restrained him. So, amid the Gaelic cry, A hundred thousand welcomes, the happy lover was brought to the feet of his yet happier mistress.

On the next day, Patricius joined those two lives which, since childhood, had run parallel, and which now, by holy matrimony, had become one. All Ulster then, and all Ireland soon, became Christian.

Something like a thousand years after the romantic event just recorded, a religious struggle was again going on in Ireland—a struggle which is still proceeding—and which as yet has turned out far less happily than that in which Patricius was engaged. For, in the meantime, the usurping Papacy had sown the seeds of its semi-pagan weeds on the ground so carefully prepared by the Apostle, who belonged to a far different school of thought. And these seeds had produced, as they always will, disunion, disloyalty, and distress. Under these circumstances, Oliver, the Great Protector, came from England with his drastic remedies, and one of his chiefs, the stoutest leader of Cromwell's Ironsides, married a maiden who claimed to be descended from Tyrone and Eyeru. He, however, inherited little from her except the bloody hand which had, for so many years, surmounted the heraldic shield of her family. This he placed above his own coat of arms; for he said that a right hand had done good service to his

race at all times; as, indeed, it had in almost every battle from Hastings to Naseby. He did not, however, adopt his wife's motto; for John Milton, who knew the Latin poets by heart, had provided him with one, after he, Sir Walter M——, had chased Charles the First from the battlefield of Marston Moor. But the original motto ought not to be forgotten, for it was composed by Patricius, and it ran as follows:—

“Hâc fuit amissâ gens manumissa manu.”

And the Latin verse may be translated—

“This lost hand saved a lost land.”

By this time all will have guessed what were the words of Christ to which the attention of Shallug Tyrone had been drawn by his friend Patricius.

His hand, Tyrone's right hand, had stood in the way of his success and his happiness. Under these circumstances he had not hesitated a moment, but had cut it off, and cast it from him. Thus he had won his bride and her kingdom. How many would do as much to win heaven?

Happily we are not required to make such a stupendous sacrifice, at least, not often. We are only asked to cleanse our hands, and our hearts

also, from the impurity of sin. But it should be recollected that He to Whom we are indebted for these easy conditions of salvation, He Who made the performance of our duty possible by His promise to be with us always as a Saviour, gave up for us something far more precious than a hand, namely, His spotless, His Royal life.

Work.

VEILING his might, a very man,
The Lord of life and death
Earned daily bread, an artisan,
Working at Nazareth.

So all the wisest, all the best
Have something they must do;
And the commandment, "Thou shalt rest,"
Saith "Thou shalt labour" too.



A Last Look at Eton.

THE limetrees full of blossoms, full of bees,
Shaded the walk, the long walk by the wall
At Eton, on Election Day ; and there
Beneath them, heeding only their sweet scent,
Which linked him with the past, an old man stood.

Then spake to him a Colleger, “ Move on,
Master.”

The grandsire of that flouting boy
Was once that old man’s fag, he Master then !
Master in headlong rushes to get goals,
And master, too, when swimmers at the Oak
Took champion headers in the eddying Thames ;
Most Master, when before his blows went down,
In the School-yard, the Oppidan vanguard.

Now Master ! now a poor old wreck, by whom
“ Master, move on,” was language often heard ;
Heard now at Eton, that was hard to bear !
But he a stranger there, and all was strange—
Where the old faces ? Where those oaken beds
Which, clanged at midnight, made his Montem sure ?

Where old Long Chamber ? Where the Luge boughs,
brought
From Burnham beeches ? At Election brought
To grace bare walls, when o'er the rugs were laid
The gay green coverlets.

All now was changed,
Save that remembered fragrance of the limes,
That self-same humming of the bees ! To these, his old,
His only friends, the old man bade farewell ;
Then o'er the wall he bent, sank down, and died.

A Vagrant, name unknown ! His record this
In Eton's Parish Register. The lists,
Which tell of matches won of old at Lord's,
Blazon his honoured name, as Captain starred.

In those bright days no innings was ill-starred,
In after life there came the fagging out,
All catches missed, hard hits, by others scored,
High o'er his head his fag ! On higher heads,
Far higher, looking down !

Now both are dead.
Are both now equal ? No ! the sycophant
Great Mammon aids, rewarding him on earth ;
The Greater Master loves the brave who fail.

The Future.

IT is impossible to foresee future events, and, as a rule, it is the unexpected which happens. There are, however, some changes so righteous and so much needed, that one can scarcely believe them to be far off. In the future, then, one would think, the contributions for the promotion of the Established religion will not be put to shame by the generosity of Nonconformists to their respective sects. But this will hardly be the case until a Finance Committee exists in every Parish, which bodies, by a series of elections, shall have annually extracted a Select Committee privileged to act as the Cabinet of the Bishop in all important matters, and, especially, in the distribution of preferment.* Some of this machinery already exists in the Diocese of Lichfield, and the lamented death of Bishop Selwyn alone prevented the adoption of this plan in its completeness there, in accordance with a resolution carried by the present writer at an Archidiaconal Conference. This reform,

* Without this power Conferences are like the Institutions of Louis Napoleon, unsubstantial and delusive.

amongst other advantages, would tend to bring forward those whose great merits are often obscured by the still greater and rarer merit of modesty, and who thus have little chance of going up higher until the Great Day when some who are now last will be first.*

Long before that Assize comes, it will, we may hope, be felt that it is a monstrous proceeding to appoint an Incumbent to what is called a living, and then to subject him to an income tax† under the name of rates, amounting to something like five shillings in the pound. But when this has become a matter of astonishment, it will be still more astounding to be informed that a British Legislature, in the nineteenth century, when arranging for the future maintenance of roads then dis-turnpiked, and Board Schools, recently invented, distributed the fresh taxation on the same basis of confiscation.

* Whether the Rector of Ingoldsby will live to see the Revision of the Liturgy is doubtful; but some day or other the name of Hildyard will be coupled with that of Pascal, and that of Mountfield with Hooker.

† The continuance of this iniquitous tax, in spite of pledges to repeal it, is a scandal. This subject has been treated in "The Coming Finance," by A Kingsman.

The next reform to which we may reasonably look forward belongs to a region in which, as we flatter ourselves, we have done marvels, namely, Elementary Schools. We now reflect with satisfaction that the State has assumed the power, not only to turn all gutter children into every Educational Establishment, national and denominational, but also to send to prison, as the last resource, all, who, being poor, will not assist loyally in carrying out this imperfect law. Of these achievements we are proud, and if the penalties are only used as notices of man-traps and spring guns, they may do some good. But if they are allowed to go off, they will soon be effectually exploded. And some day the State, itself advancing in knowledge, will perceive that man cannot thrive on the R. R. R., &c. alone, either in peace or war. Moreover it will see, that this country, having engaged, by the Poor Law, to keep everyone from starvation, has a legitimate right to take care that none are idle or incompetent, and, at the same time, free citizens. It will, therefore, establish at its own cost, and in all directions, schools of an industrial nature. In these, all will be encouraged, but none forced, under money penalties or prison,

to learn. The screw used will be of a different sort. For everyone in the kingdom, both male and female, having attained the age of twelve years, would, under this new regime, be obliged to submit to an examination at some convenient centre. There, both head-work and handiwork would be tested. To those who then obtained a certificate all the advantages of Englishmen would be open. To those who did not pass in those trials, this would happen :—The fathers or guardians would be told that, unless a pass was obtained in the following year, or a medical certificate produced, that sentence of outlawry would be pronounced both on themselves and on their incompetent children, which would already have reached those who had contumaciously failed to present themselves at the appointed place and time. The outlawry would consist in a deprivation of all votes, an inability to inherit property, and also, to be a plaintiff in any court. This sentence would be removed in the case of the child by his passing in a higher standard, and that success would also emancipate the parent or guardian. But, failing to be absolved in this way, the respon-

sible persons would not obtain a reversion of that sentence except by the payment of a fine, varying according to the circumstances, but in all cases heavy. When this reform is in full operation, many people will learn, for the first time, that the advantages which a free and inlawed citizen of England enjoys, unconsciously, and, therefore, often ungratefully, are very considerable.

But the greatest improvement which the future has in store for us is, let us hope, the abolition both of intoxication and of drunkenness, which terms, although often confounded, represent two very different things. The former will have yielded to stringent regulations in reference to all adulteration. For to be intoxicated is to be drugged, and this has crushed many an innocent carter under the wheels of his own dray, while the unscrupulous and unsuspected poisoner has gone by in his carriage. As for drunkenness, it will have been extinguished by the same drastic process which abolished duelling. That is to say, it will have been treated not as a venial error to be expiated amid the smiles of a bench made rich on brewing and distilling, by the payment of a trifling fine, but as a detestable, because a most demoralizing

and dangerous crime. Consequently it will, in the case both of principals and seconds, but of seconds chiefly, be branded with imprisonment in its most degrading shape. With these hopes for the future, and with many still holier, the Author rings the old year out and the new year in.

THE OLD YEAR OUT.

TOLL for the past! for moments
 flown,
 Which were, yet are no more,
 our own,
 Neglected warnings, mercies cast
 Behind us;—toll we for the past!
 Toll for the past! if want has
 knelt,
 Yet failed our selfish hearts to melt;
 Or if with hatred we replied,
 When foes to win forgiveness
 tried.
 Toll for the past! if chimes to
 prayer
 Invited, and we went not there;
 Or if, when Jesu's feast was
 spread,
 We turned to seek the world's
 instead.

THE NEW YEAR IN.

RING in the future! How the
 Chimes
 Tell of the better, happier times,
 When Christ the Saviour shall
 appear;
 So ring we in a glad New Year!
 A glad New Year! Yet it may
 bring
 Or want, or grief, or suffering;
 But these to Him should draw
 us near;
 So ring we in a glad New Year
 A glad New Year! Yet ere
 'tis fled,
 We may be numbered with the
 dead;
 But e'en in death love conquers
 fear,
 So ring we in a glad New Year!

Toll for the past ! not in despair,
For perfect love shines even
there :

Shines for the living to the last ;
Thus hopeful toll we for the past !

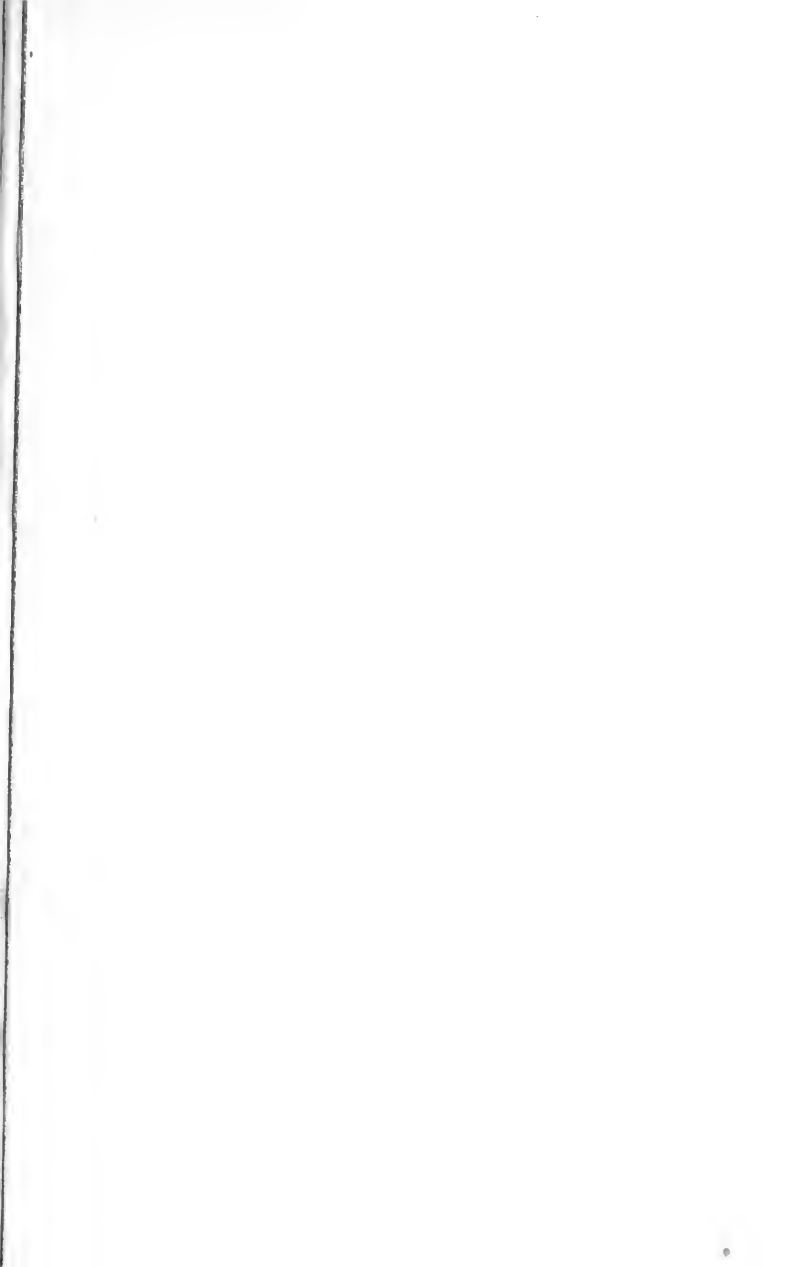
A glad New Year ! And yet it
may

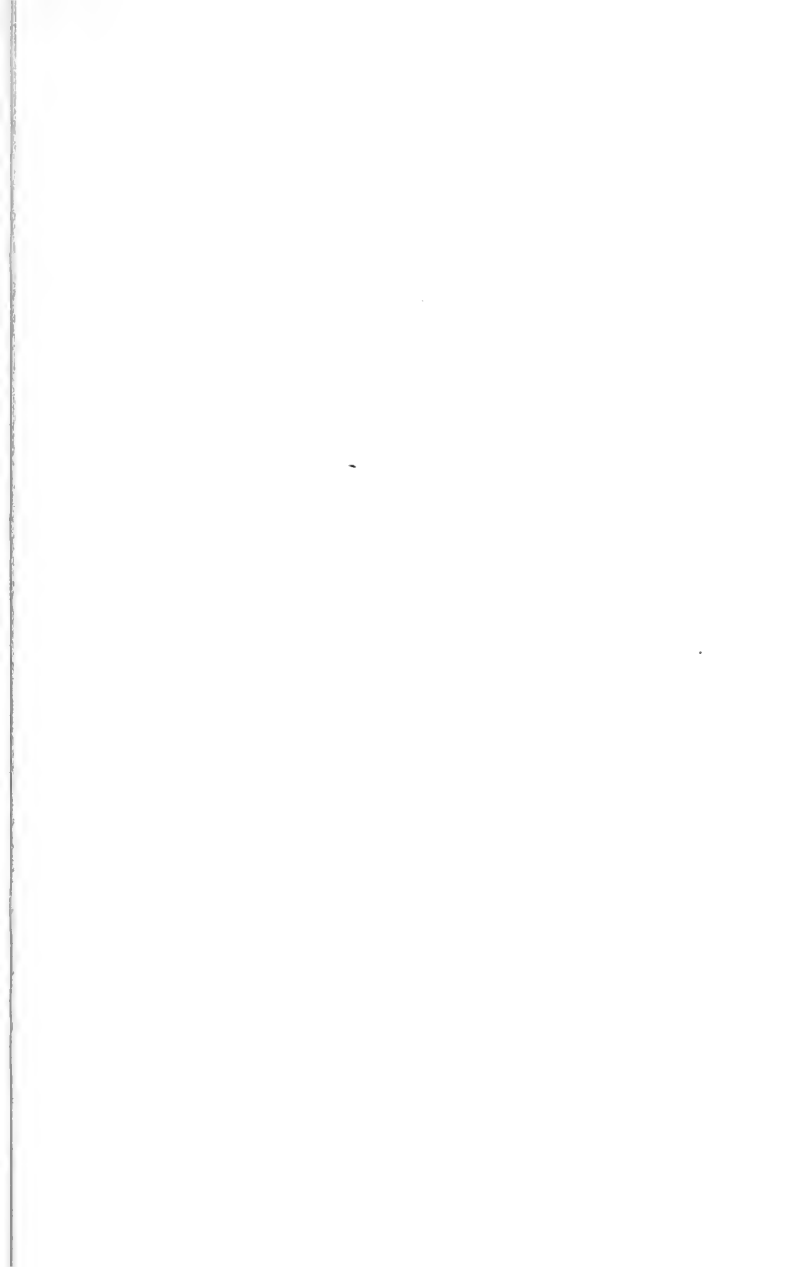
See all creation pass away ;

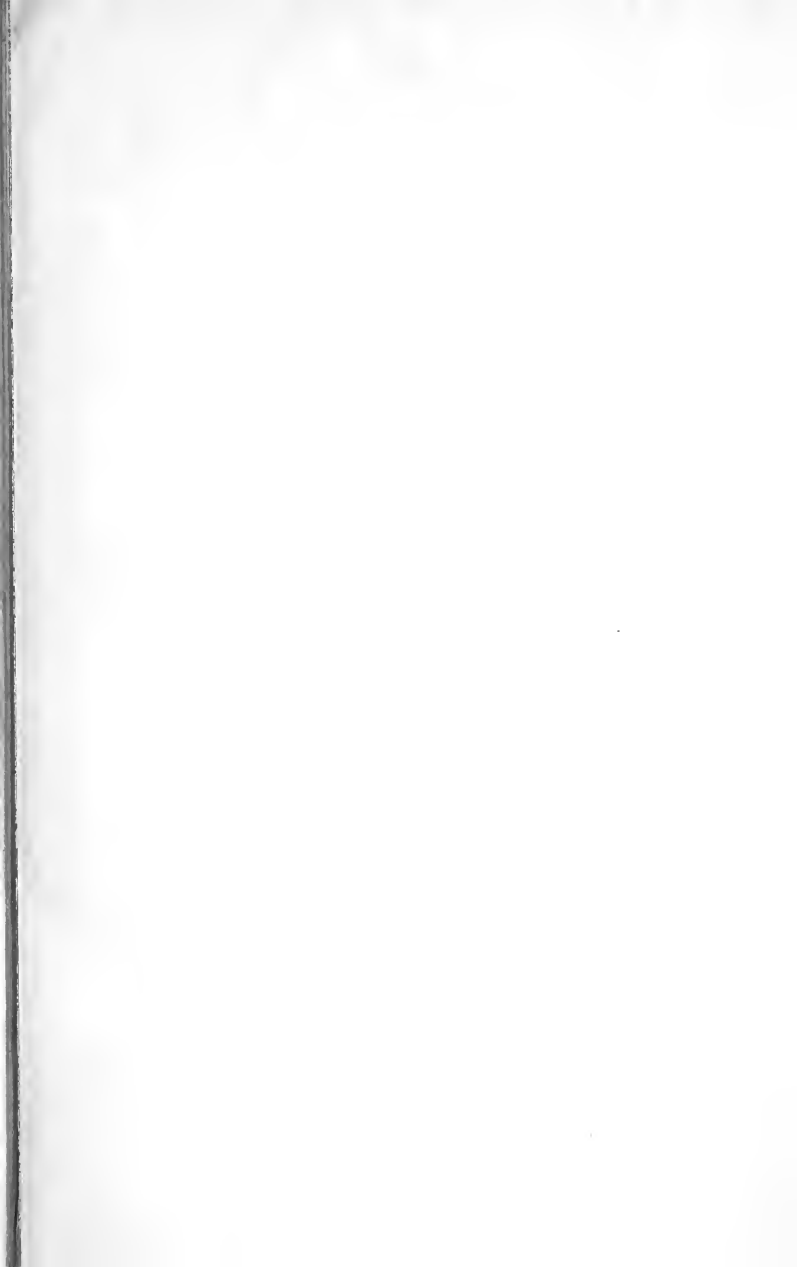
But then the Saviour will appear,

So ring we in a glad New Year !









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